

The



# SIGN

*National Catholic Magazine*

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by ANTHONY  
J. WRIGHT

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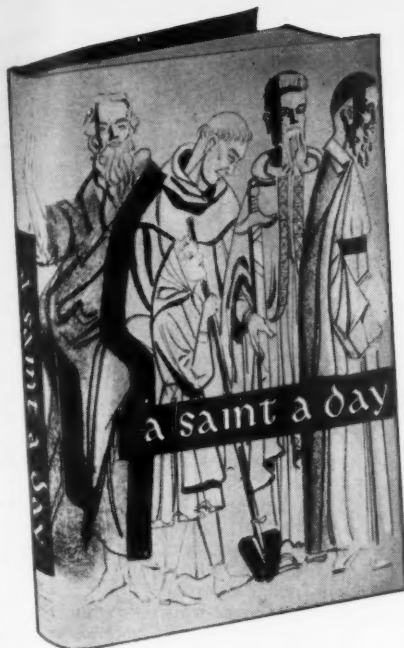
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## Letters

### CRUSADER SPIRIT

I found an idea expressed in your editorial "Needed: Crusader Spirit" distressing indeed. You stated, "Scientists know their own field—usually very limited—but as scientists they don't know theology or philosophy, the social sciences, art, music, or literature."

By that statement I believe you wish to judge scientists by sterner standards than you would use for men of a good general education. I have done technical work for fifteen years and know many engineers and scientists. . . .

I do not believe that you are writing from personal experience when you speak of scientists. You seem to be mimicking the general fear, built on ignorance, that is found in the daily press. . . .

I seldom agree with your editorial policy but at least it is unequivocal. It gives me something definite and specific to be angry at.

CLARENCE R. MOSTER

SUMMIT, N. J.

Glancing over my first issue of THE SIGN I was more than pleased to see that you devote your editorial page to the need for a "Crusader Spirit." It is an understatement to say that I was disappointed to discover you find it necessary to build the foundation of your argument on the sand of generality.

After being branded as "naïve, occasionally asinine," and a "Frankenstein," I am somewhat at a disadvantage. However, as an engineer, I would humbly suggest that you read beyond the headlines. . . .

As for your obvious prejudice against the over-all merits of scientific education, I believe it was Disraeli who said, "It is easier to be critical than to be correct."

I like your magazine very much.

JAMES F. KERNAN

ROSELLE, N. J.

This writer takes it for granted that you are a Christian, but according to your editorial in the January issue it is hard to believe that you are. In the editorial "Needed: Crusader Spirit" you say that we must now have guns for butter. Christ said if we live by the sword we die by the sword. . . .

F. J. BIRGER

BISMARCK, N. D.

Your January editorial indicates the great danger that in order to meet the

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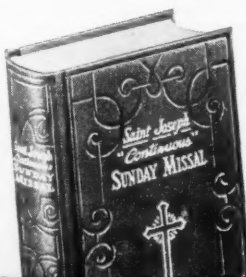
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Soviet challenge we should adopt Soviet principles and methods. I am afraid that if we open our eyes we will find this has already happened. . . .

The strength and power of LOVE has little meaning on the international level to the Christians of today's spiritually bankrupt world. They think only of false pagan maxims such as, "To have peace prepare for war." Others falsely believe they can buy peace. Things are becoming so perverted that even the word "peace" is being given a different meaning, since the newspapers link it with surrender and weakness. Your Katherine Burton is aware of this changed attitude toward the word "peace," as indicated in her excellent January article, but unfortunately she stands almost alone. . . .

CHARLES P. SMITH

BETHLEHEM, PA.

For once I find myself in agreement with Father Ralph Gorman. Americans need an editorial like his to wake them up and make them see that they will have to sacrifice in order to win over Communism. . . .

BENJAMIN N. JOHNSON, JR.

BRADFORD, N. H.

I read with a great deal of interest your editorial "Needed: Crusader Spirit" in the January issue of THE SIGN.

I think that the Blue Army program certainly embodies this spirit and I heartily recommend that your television editor review this program in the near future.

VICTOR K. SCAVILLO

LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y.

You seek Crusaders in your January editorial. There are Crusaders already. Perhaps you have heard of Msgr. Colgan's Blue Army Crusaders who work and pray in response to Mary's pleas at Fatima. . . .

Today we have 5,000,000 Crusaders who have signed the Blue Army Pledge to heed the Message of Fatima and to bring it to our fellow Americans. We have a TV Program on Fridays, at 8:30 P.M. over Channel 13. . . .

JIM COLLINS

STATEN ISLAND, N. Y.

Please accept my compliments and thanks for your editorial: "Needed: Crusader Spirit."

I am a refugee from Estonia, as are all the members of this organization, and we always were very much aware of the fact that the Catholic Church has taken a firm stand against Communism.

However, this was the first time that I, a non-Catholic, had the opportunity, through a Catholic friend of mine, to read such an excellent and timely editorial, which no one should miss. . . .

ILMAR HEINARU, PRESIDENT

LEGION OF ESTONIAN LIBERATION, INC.

DETROIT, MICH.

Congratulations on your wonderful editorial "Needed: Crusader Spirit."

FRANCIS B. ROWE

NEWARK, N. J.

I have read your editorial in the January issue. It is true that a crusade is needed,

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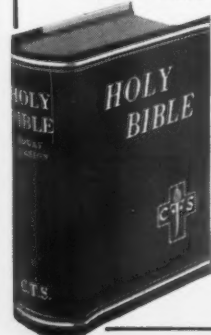
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FREDERIC L. MCGUIRE

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### ST. CATHERINE OF SIENA

Am tired of having you play up radio and TV people, chiefs of police, and politicians. "St. Catherine of Siena" was different. . . .

WILLIAM C. KINNEAR

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

I have written Archbishop Cushing thanking him for the privilege of reading his article on St. Catherine of Siena. I also told him I did not feel qualified to give him credit for his work but simply thanked him for the privilege of reading the article.

EDWARD J. HUBBARD

LEWISTON, MAINE.

### WOMAN TO WOMAN

Some were annoyed by my reference in "Woman to Woman" regarding the treatment of the Negro in the South. I refer them to a small book written a year ago by Robert Penn Warren and called *Segregation*. (Random House, \$1.95). The author is himself a southerner. It is a book which both north and south can read with profit and a sense of shame.

KATHERINE BURTON

BRONXVILLE, N. Y.

### GERMAN FAMILY

In the December issue there was a picture story about a German family. When I got through reading it I passed it on to a German doctor and his wife. They are Methodists and I was very surprised to hear from the doctor and his wife how much they enjoyed reading the articles and also the complete magazine. . . .

FLORENCE CAULFIELD

WEST WARWICK, R. I.

### ELIZABETH COOPER

Each month our family looks through THE SIGN for another story by Elizabeth Cooper. (August, 1957). Her lovely stories about New Mexico are so delightful, especially in this screwy era in which we live.

I hope she shall soon have another story of the caliber of those written in the past.

PHILIP J. MIDDLETON

MARION, IND.

### "WOMAN AND DESTINY"

In a world of materialism and misplaced values, the tender and oh so true words of Kilian McDonnell concerning "Woman and Destiny" (January) had a deeply searching effect upon this writer.

His touching article brought me suddenly and dramatically to the realization that I have in my wife and mother of my five

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Volume 37, No. 3

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## The Ghetto Catholic

**S**OME time ago we described a type we called the ultraconservative Catholic. This month we would like to take a look at what we shall call the ghetto Catholic. Like the ultraconservative, he's fundamentally a good man. He'd be a lot better, and probably happier, however, if he'd change some of his attitudes and methods.

The chief characteristic of the ghetto Catholic is that he is against. You always know what he is against, but it is difficult to discover what he is for. He is quite vocal about evil, but silent about a remedy. It would even seem at times that the only possible course is to kill rather than cure the patient.

For some reason, the ghetto Catholic seems to suffer from an inferiority complex. This makes him aggressive. He shuts himself behind the protective barrier of his own beliefs and, from the safety of this well-entrenched position, he sounds the alarm at a real or imaginary attack. He sees slurs on the Church where none are intended. He is apt to write angrily to the papers, and his defense is an attack that generates plenty of heat but little light.

A characteristic attitude of the ghetto Catholic is one of withdrawal. He doesn't stop to think that there is a lot of good out there beyond his wall of enclosure, sometimes good mixed with evil. He sees only the evil. He's just not the type to nurture and encourage the good in its weak and vacillating efforts to survive. He has heard but doesn't understand what the prophet said of Our Lord: "A bruised reed He will not break, and a smoking wick He will not quench."

Take a few samples of his thinking. This poor world of ours is made up of nations that are Communist, Buddhist, Christian in varying degrees, Moslem, and many other beliefs or lack of them. If we are going to have an international organization doing something to ease frictions and maintain peace, it will have to include all this variety. But our ghetto Catholic will have none of it. If we follow his principles, we shall not have an acceptable international organization until that happy day—far, far away—when all the world is converted to the one true Church.

So it goes too with newspapers, books, radio, TV, movies, and plays. We can depend on the ghetto Catholic to condemn the evils that really exist. It's too bad we can't depend on him to praise, encour-

age, and promote the good. It's too bad we can't get him to help and to patronize Catholics who are striving to do something worthwhile in these fields. Perhaps even provide a scholarship. Occasionally this type of Catholic is wealthy and could afford it.

The labor unions bear the brunt of much of the ghetto Catholic's attack. Naturally, he is against, and he favors withdrawal. One of this kind—and one who should know better—condemned American unions recently in a talk to the National Association of Manufacturers. His objection is that the unions are neutral. "In the neutral union," he said, "the believers and the unbelievers, the pious Christian and the avowed atheist, are equally at home. Union activities and the union programs are also religiously neutral."

What this gentleman has to say of unions is equally true of Macy's and Gimbel's, of General Motors and Ford, of secular newspapers and magazines, of just about all American life. It's equally true of the N.A.A.M., to which he addressed his remarks and with whose philosophy he closely identified himself. The conclusion this speaker drew from his premises is that we should have right-to-work laws. The conclusion we would draw is that we should all look for a good big desert in which to hide ourselves.

**T**HE Holy Father gave very different advice in his recent Christmas Message: "Intervention in the world to maintain Divine order is a right and a duty which belongs essentially to a Christian's responsibility and permits him lawfully to undertake all those actions, private or public or organized, which aim at and are suited to that end." And Christ said: "Let your light shine before men." You don't do that by pulling a bushel basket over your head. Neither do you do it by building a wall around yourself and withdrawing behind it.

The ghetto Catholic would do well to imitate the Communists in one respect at least. There isn't a phase of American life they haven't tried to infiltrate—often successfully. We rightfully abominate their sneaky methods, but we can imitate their zeal and sagacity.

*Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.*



## EDITORIALS IN PICTURES AND IN PRINT

Too often the Western world dances to music from Moscow. The current dance began last December with the meeting of NATO. While Sputnik beat out a beep-beep rhythm over Western ears, Premier Bulganin was delivering words for the music to the fifteen heads of NATO governments. The theme, with new accent on Soviet power,

### Dancing to Soviet Music

sounded familiar: Sputnik—mighty Sputnik—danger of war, need for peaceful pacts, and urgent need for a meeting at the summit. In world opinion, the significance of NATO was largely lost as discussion shifted from Western unity to the urgent necessity of negotiating with the Russians. One of the more astute commentators, in relaying the results of the NATO meeting to the world, remarked that some future historian might well sum up this historic meeting with the words: "The power and majesty of the Western nations met at the Palais de Chaillot and danced to the tune of the absent little man named Bulganin." It could be,

Our Foreign Policy is too often a mere reaction to Soviet initiative. Since the days of Roosevelt we have squandered vast amounts of precious time and energy refuting Communist lies, clarifying misconstructions the Communists deliberately place on our words and deeds, rushing round the globe seeking to adjust to *their* latest moves, and everlastingly try-

ing to convince them we want peace. Our statesmen certainly know that Soviet promises are worth nothing. Communists have violated practically every treaty or agreement they have ever made. They are confirmed liars with minds which deliberately pervert the truth in order to secure their avowed ambition of world domination. The 400 meetings required for settlement of the Austrian question and the 575 meetings required for bringing about the Korean "peace" will stand forever before the bar of history as prime examples of Communist perversion. If we continue to let them dictate terms and times of conferences and meetings, we will end in utter exhaustion. Conversations, yes. Negotiations on specific problems previously stipulated, yes. Summit meetings between respectable national leaders and international crooks to discuss *hors d'oeuvres*? Not until Communist leadership manifests a change of heart and mind.

The people are partly to blame for lack of Western leadership. While tyrants push the people, mere politicians follow the people. If they were statesmen, they would lead the people. The tendency of politicians to follow popular whim was illustrated in the case of Britain's response to Bulganin's letter demanding a summit conference. Understandably, no one wants war. British public opinion, as expressed in the British press, saw an illusory way out, in a summit conference. British statesmanship is too much schooled in experi-

**TODAY'S  
WORLD  
SOEELY NEEDS  
YOUR CHRIST-LIKE  
CHARITY...**

**GIVE TO THE  
CATHOLIC BISHOPS' RELIEF FUND**

*Serving 40 Million of the Needy Overseas*  
**1958 APPEAL**

This is the 1958 poster for Catholic Relief Services' Lactare Sunday collection. Give generously to help poor of the world

ence to have fallen for Soviet propaganda. But British leaders largely leaned to popular desire to meet the Russians at the summit. European statesmen had a similar dilemma to solve. Finally NATO nations rallied and rejected the requested summit conference until certain important conditions had been met. Since then, the same old story of mere reaction to Soviet initiative has been unfolding as heads of governments more and more yield to popular moods—which moods are largely generated by Soviet propaganda. Public opinion, properly formed, is the bulwark of democracy. But when, under the impact of deceitful propaganda, it is hastily jelled out of vague fears and a desire for the easy way out, it can lead a nation to destruction.

Secretary of State Dulles placed his finger on the problem when he remarked at the press conference January 16, "We do not run the foreign policy of the United States with a view to winning a popularity contest—and we do things—we have to do things—which we know are not going to be popular." That is the language of a statesman. That is the language which the Soviet press finds "too rigid." That is the language the Kremlin fears and which has aroused the current Soviet-inspired "Dump Dulles" program. But it is that kind of language we need if ever America is to cease dancing to Soviet music.

Paul Blanshard is at it again. This month the special counsel for Protestants and Other Americans United will have published a revised edition of his book, *American Freedom and Catholic Power*. He repeats the old charges and adds a few more. Learning little in the past ten years, he still has an obsession on an American president.

### Blanshard is at it Again

He still worries about Catholic pogroms wiping out artificial birth prevention; about Catholics seeking government aid

for bus rides and school lunches for their children; about Catholic bishops disagreeing with Supreme Court decisions which erect a "wall of separation" between Church and state; about Catholic bishops insisting that Catholics send their children to Catholic schools, etc. It would take a book to add the rest of the truth to the half-truths he utters and replace in context the charges he makes. Those who want a handy reference for answers to his stock charges can consult such books as James M. O'Neill's *Catholics in Controversy: Catholicism and American Freedom, Religion and Education Under the Constitution*.

Paul Blanshard has been a mischief-maker for ten years. His religion of secularism, which he seeks to impose on all of every creed and cult in the nation, causes much ill-will and confusion. His arbitrary divisiveness is doubly unwelcome at a time when Protestants and Catholics are seeking to come closer to each other in their common reverence and love for our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; at a time when Protestants, Catholics, and Jews are seeking closer co-operation in civic matters in order to strengthen America in her gravest hour.

Under these circumstances, it is particularly refreshing to note that when POAU recently established a chapter in Hartford and held its first public meeting, the Connecticut Council of Churches publicly disclaimed any association with POAU. The Reverend Harold B. Keir, general secretary of the Connecticut Council of Churches, observed that the title "Protestant" in POAU does not imply "any relationship to any church or any council." He added that "... there are many (Protestants) who deplore both the approach and facts related" against Catholics by POAU. Dr. Russel Henry, president of the Council, said that in reading Blanshard's book, "He appears to me to be a secularist and not to have knowledge that in any instance the voice of God, through



Bishop Pierre Theas of Lourdes discusses new movie on St. Bernadette with Brigitte Fossey, actress who will play role of saint. The movie is being made for the Lourdes centenary



Msgr. Thomas F. Connors congratulates Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Cramer of Rochester, N. Y., on their golden wedding anniversary. The monsignor witnessed their marriage 50 years ago



Editor John Gates of the defunct Daily Worker displays his resignation from the Communist party. Divisions in the party have weakened it, but not eliminated its threat



conscience, takes precedence over the civil law." Dr. Henry has put the finger on Paul Blanshard's main trouble.

Comment on Walter Reuther's profit-sharing proposals, presented to the automobile industry, has taken such different forms that many people are excusably bewildered. One prominent labor expert dismisses the entire program as window dressing. At the other extreme are prophets of gloom saying the UAW package is unmitigated

socialism. Some are saying the union is being very clever in presenting noninflationary demands. Others argue that the union is asking for trouble just at a time when it can ill afford a prolonged strike.

Without getting into the risky game of prophecy, much less the area of judging a man's intentions, we would like to offer some factual comments on the UAW proposal. Readers can make their own judgments concerning the wisdom of the plan.

(1) **The element of federal taxes was completely ignored,** in the UAW statistician's example of how the plan would work. The statisticians chose the current profits of General Motors as a basis for the workability of Reuther's plan. The plan allocated an apparently generous 10 per cent for stockholders. Yet the unreckoned taxes amounts to more than half that amount.

(2) **Special depreciation reserves were also an ignored item.** Tax laws make an allowance for depreciation reserves. But this allowance is based on original costs. Since they were purchased, inflation has raised the costs of machines and buildings. The current allowances are not enough to replace obsolete equipment and buildings. To meet this extra cost,

corporations find it necessary to dip into net profits. Actually, the extra reserves needed come out of net profits, even though they are really costs of operation.

(3) **Bonuses as high as \$550 per worker would be given.** Such is the impression given by press reports. Actually what Mr. Reuther said was that higher wages would only be one of eight possible uses for funds derived from the workers' share of profits. But no matter how the 25 per cent of profits would be distributed among the workers, it is hard to see how UAW can keep from getting into trouble:

(a) Currently, prosperous General Motors would get \$550 per worker but profitless American Motors would get nothing.

(b) There would be at least three different wage patterns in the automotive branch of the UAW, based on the varying profits of the major producers. Could the UAW afford to have such a distinction of wage rates for members of the same union? On the other hand, would it dare suggest that such profit-sharing be industry-wide, regardless of the company from which the profits originate? These are hard questions to answer.

**We do not consider profit-sharing in itself, socialistic.** In fact, there are more than 20,000 American companies at present using such plans. However, we must confess that at this point, our crystal ball has become rather clouded. Excitement over profit-sharing should not cause us to overlook the fact that there are also current demands for increases in basic wages and fringe benefits. These are also advertised as noninflationary, but this is a debatable point. We feel that the UAW plan raises enough problems, even for the UAW itself, to justify us in wondering if it is all worth a long and bitter strike. Possibly the union may compromise and accept straight and fringe wage increases—as it may have been planned from the beginning.



*Delight written on their faces, three youngsters bid farewell to spotless white lamb at Rome's Church of St. Agnes. Wool of the lamb will make pallia, symbols of the office of archbishop*

*Swedish Navy ship rides at anchor in underground harbor somewhere along the country's coast. Swedes think the best answer to threat of A-war lies under their rocky land*

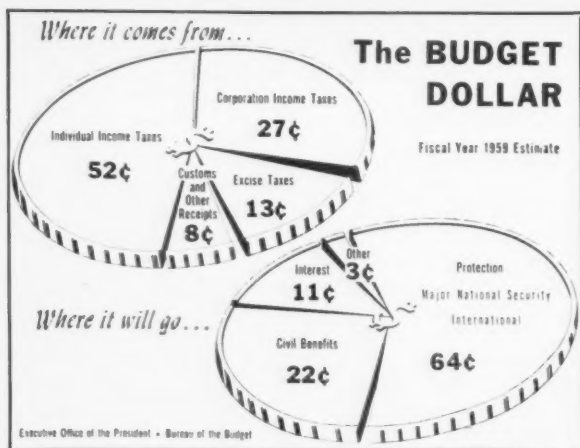


Chart issued by Bureau of the Budget shows where each budget dollar comes from and where it goes. But it doesn't show how fast. Take it from us, it goes awfully fast.



The old and the new compete in a Formosan rice field. New power tiller, right, can do the work of two water buffaloes. Simple improvements like this can work big changes in Asia



Sister William Marie of St. Louis, Mo., looks over plans for new Maryknoll Sisters' clinic in Pusan, Korea. Clinic will provide care for 160 bed patients and more out-patients.

### Views in Brief

**Food for Thought on Lent.** "The nice thing about the quaint old custom of Lent," a prominent American woman who should have known better, once said, "is that it is such a great help in dieting." If this proves that our society has come far from its roots in the Christian past, it should also provoke the question: Just how well do we Catholics understand Lent? While every Catholic will instinctively reject any attempt to reduce Lent to an annual dieting season, how many appreciate the full significance of Lenten self-denial? It is not, for example, self-denial for the sake of self-denial. That is hardly better than pagan asceticism and has no foundation whatever in Christian tradition. For Christians, self-denial must have supernatural meaning. We deny ourselves to help pay the price of man's sin, to share in the redeeming action of Christ's Passion and death, and to earn the right to rejoice in His triumphant Resurrection at Easter.

**Active Readers.** Another Catholic press month has nearly run its course, and we hope that it has left Catholic journalists a little more conscious of their high responsibilities as modern communicators of an ancient message. But communication is a two-way street, and we would consider all the talk about Catholic press month as wasted words unless it also made all Catholics more conscious of their duty to be active readers and not mere passive supporters of the Catholic press. It is not enough for subscribers to plunk down three bucks and let it go at that. They should read the press that they are supporting and read it regularly and critically. More than that, they should keep up their end of the great Catholic dialogue by talking back whenever the spirit moves them. For one of the great temptations of any officially supported press is complacency. And in this age of crisis, there is no greater threat to our Christian heritage. Enemies may attack us, but only we can surrender.

**Pride on the Road.** The Opinion Research Corporation of Princeton has come up with some interesting figures on how good drivers think they are. Five per cent had no opinion. Two per cent conceded they were a bit below average. The remaining 93 per cent regarded themselves as better than average (5 per cent of this group freely admitted that they were among the best on the road). It would be wonderful if so many drivers were so good. The number of accidents, however, makes one wonder. It would seem to be closer to the truth that a large percentage of drivers are not as good as they think they are and that their pride not only keeps them from getting better but also is the very thing that frequently gets them into trouble. Humility is not only a virtue; it can be, literally, a way of life.

**Education.** Much is being said these days about our system of education and the place of science in our schools. Those who are preparing for college should give some attention to this problem and get sound advice. They should consider the warnings of Catholic and non-Catholic educators about the dangers of an overemphasis on technological studies. These studies are important. They should be given the place they deserve. But they must be controlled by the broader wisdom of the humanities which have been, in turn, deepened and enriched by Christianity. As Bro. Patrick Collins, F. S. C. H., wrote recently: "(Catholic education) advocates the use of the Christian humanities as such, the natural humanities after they have been shorn of all defiling influences, and the technological studies, when these latter are controlled. When it enlists the aid of this trinity of forces, Catholic education will then be in a position to boast of that unity of purpose which should characterize all education."

Family traditions, sports, and Puno Indians are a few elements of the story of Peter Grace

## Peter Grace lives up to a legend

by JEANNE WEBBER



IT WAS A BITTERLY cold Christmas eve on the high plateau of the Andes Mountains where Lake Titicaca lies. Setting out on the little steamer that crosses the lake from the Bolivian side to Puno on the Peruvian side was a little group of passengers unfortunate enough to be traveling on the night before Christmas.

Among them was Father John O'Hara, a priest who had come from the United States as a delegate to a Pan-American conference. With him was a young companion he had met on the ship coming down. The two had become fast friends, and the priest had invited the young man to join him on some of his travels around South America.

The young man was Joseph Peter Grace, Jr., aged twenty-four, recently out of Yale. The middle of a remote, windswept lake on Christmas eve was a strange place for a youth who had been raised in luxury and who was famous as a star polo player.

But Peter Grace had more than an ordinary tourist's reason for his journey. He was heir apparent to a huge company, W. R. Grace & Co., that had been founded in Peru a century before. The founder, Peter's grandfather, had been an almost legendary figure, a colorful Irishman whose exploits had won him a fortune, important friends, political success. Naturally Peter was curious about every aspect of South America, where

the romantic history of the company had begun.

Full of the vigor of a young sportsman, Peter was not much affected by the 12,500-foot altitude of the plateau. Father O'Hara, however, was miserable, bleeding from the ears and faint, but he insisted on continuing his journey. At dawn he said Mass aboard the ship. Then he and Peter landed at the dock at Puno on Christmas morning.

The church at Puno was unlike anything Peter had ever seen. It was filled not only with Indian women in bright skirts and men in the heavy woolen suits and blankets of the locality, but also with llamas, sheep, and goats, who crowded in with their masters, stirring and stamping their feet. And the children! From the far reaches of the plateau and the hills beyond, they had come down to the city to see the crèche in the church and to present their humble offerings, sometimes only bundles of colored straw.

Their eager faces shone in the candlelight and their eyes gazed at Father O'Hara with trust and faith as he spoke to them in their own language. For the first time, Peter got an inkling of what their religion meant to poor people far from the sophisticated world he himself had known.

Peter was deeply impressed. Ever since that day he has retained his deep admiration for the priest, who is now

Archbishop O'Hara of Philadelphia. He has retained, too, a memory of the children of Puno that affected many decisions he made after he took over the management of the far-flung Grace industrial empire.

Like many crown princes in family firms, Peter began his career by circulating through a series of less important jobs to get a broad understanding of the company he would head. He was insatiably curious. He devoured old letters and memos from the files and made a nuisance of himself asking questions. The activities of the firm were more entertaining to him than an adventure story.

Business was always a kind of adventure, Peter learned, to the man who started the Grace Company. Born in the village of Ballylinan, Ireland, William Russell Grace left the country as a boy and sailed with his father to Callao, on the coast of Peru, after the Irish potato famine of 1846. The boy had already seen something of the world, for he had run away to sea once at the age of thirteen. In Peru he got a job as clerk in a company that furnished supplies to ships.

In those days, the chief export of Peru was guano, a natural fertilizer formed by bird droppings that covered a group of rocky islands off the coast. Ships from all over the world were engaged in the guano trade.

## TO THE LONELY CHRIST

I have been lonely too. I know the dark,  
the judas-kiss, the coward's sudden flight—  
but not like this, not like Your loneliness.  
I have known pain, and pain has left its mark  
to sear me through the unconsoling night—  
but not Your pain. And I have felt the press  
of crosses I must bear and could not bear—  
but not the weight You bore, for I was there,  
weighing you down. I have been lonely too  
and walked through crowds that did not seem to care,  
through jostling crowds that broke my wounds anew  
and did not know, and I have had to wear  
the cloak of mockery—but not like You:  
You comfort me—would I could comfort You.

THOMAS J. HORAN, JR.

Billy Grace put imagination and hard work into his job. Instead of waiting for the ships to put into port for supplies, he stocked an old barge with goods and towed it out to where the ships were anchored off the island. There he did a thriving business with no competition. Ideas like that made him a partner in the company at the age of twenty-three, and before he was thirty he had made a fortune.

As his business prospered, Grace invested his profits in other enterprises in Peru and neighboring countries—railways, sugar and rubber plantations, nitrates, sales outlets for goods that could be imported from the United States. He traveled widely, establishing the basic contacts that are still important to his firm's success today.

In 1865 Grace decided to enlarge his horizons. He had married the daughter of a Maine ship captain and had visited the United States. It occurred to him that a profitable business could be built around three-way trade between the United States, Europe, and South America.

Leaving his younger brother in charge of the South American operations, W. R. Grace went to New York and rented offices in India House on Hanover Square in the financial district. Soon the ships he had chartered or built were familiar sights in the world's trading ports, and the foundation of the Grace shipping line was established.

When W. R. Grace died in 1904, first his brother and then his son, James Peter Grace, Sr., continued to invest in South America, often in partnership with local capital. After World War I, industrialization began to change the economy of the Latin countries. The Grace company shifted emphasis from

raw materials to finished products—textile mills, sugar refineries, small manufacturing plants, in keeping with the trend of the times. Foreseeing how important air transport could be in linking North and South America, the Grace firm helped to found the pioneer airline, Panagra.

Peter was only thirty-two when he stepped into the presidency. Like his grandfather he was a man of large ideas. "It's not hard to carry on something," Peter likes to say now. "But to start something new—that's hard." With the war over, he felt that it was time to start something new.

He turned to the domestic United States scene for opportunities to diversify the company. The chemical industry appealed to him as one that seemed destined for tremendous growth.

The Grace company had been in chemicals in a small way ever since 1907 when a little fertilizer mixing business had been started in California. Peter acquired two other companies active in the fertilizer business. Then he added a company known for special industrial chemicals. Along with the new acquisitions, a separate subsidiary, Grace Chemical, was organized to build a \$20 million ammonia and urea plant at Memphis, Tenn.

Today over half the company's fixed assets are in chemicals. Peter, who used to be known in this country only as the head of the Grace Line, is an important figure in the chemical industry. Among

the company's products are plastics, sealing compounds, paints, insecticides, catalysts for oil refining, dehydrating agents. Grace's chemical plants have sprouted in Canada, Europe, and Australia. The opportunities of the atomic age have not been overlooked, either; the company will make purified uranium and thorium for atomic reactors.

Shipping has grown, too. The Grace Line continues to add passenger ships and freighters and has a total fleet of thirty-five ships. Meanwhile Grace has become part owner of the Gulf and South America Steamship Co., operating out of New Orleans.

The Grace National Bank of New York, dating back to 1915, has \$173 million in deposits. A large outdoor advertising company on the West Coast has been one of Peter's most successful diversification ideas. The company also has a majority interest in an insurance brokerage. And, not afraid of new ventures that involve risks, Peter Grace has put considerable cash into a partnership venture with a major oil company to drill for oil in the Libyan desert.

Success in business is only part of the legend that Peter Grace has to live up to. Grandfather W. R. Grace and Peter's father left a tradition of interest in various Catholic institutions that Peter has carried on with enthusiasm ever since his Christmas visit to Puno.

One of W. R. Grace's creations, the Grace Institute, founded in 1897 and supported by a family trust fund, turned out to have unexpected significance for his grandson.

Grace Institute was originally intended as a place where girls from poor or immigrant families could be trained in domestic and clerical work. In the eighteen nineties the wages of most women who had to work were very low. With a little training they could do better. W. R. Grace donated \$200,000 to start the school and bought an old mansion on West 60th Street, where the Sisters of Charity took charge. When it was opened, Grace Institute taught housekeeping, laundering, dressmaking, millinery, typewriting, stenography, and the English language. Students who could afford to paid five or ten cents a lesson, but others were admitted free. Over the years, as women won more acceptance in the business world, the school gradually substituted bookkeeping and other business courses for the domestic arts.

One of the graduates of the Institute in 1939 was a pretty young girl named Margaret Fennelly. Her father was ill with tuberculosis and unable to work, and Margie hoped to help support the family. A priest in the neighborhood where she lived offered her temporary

JEANNE C. WEBBER, formerly on the editorial staffs of *Time* and *Fortune*, is now doing freelance writing. She has written articles for the *New York Times Magazine* and for scientific periodicals.



work when she finished her courses. He knew that W. R. Grace & Co. often filled vacancies in its offices with Grace Institute graduates, and he soon sent her down to Grace headquarters with a note to Peter Grace.

The Personnel Department at Grace had some doubts about the young girl—she looked far too frail to work steadily. But when Peter Grace saw her he was attracted by her sweet manner and determined to give her a chance. He made a place for her in his own office. Two years later, they were married.

There are now eight children in the lively household. In his decision to send them to parochial schools, Peter admits he was influenced by his memory of the children he saw at Puno. Peter himself did not attend parochial schools. "I came to feel that I had missed something," he explains. "I thought about the children at Puno—they had a firm foundation that gave them peace and satisfaction no matter what troubles they faced. Besides, a religious education seems to me more important than ever today, in the face of the empty materialism that prevails in so much of the world. So I decided to send my own children to parochial schools."

The Grace family enjoys doing things together. With the older boys Peter plays baseball, and at their Florida home they go fishing and bicycling. In the winter there is skiing, and the boys are beginning to show an interest in one of Peter's favorite sports, ice hockey. In the summer the family goes to Maine, where Peter and the children sail and fish. On a 5,000-acre farm in South Carolina, they ride horseback.

Sports, Peter believes, have a value above their contribution to health and mental relaxation. He is particularly interested in the sports programs of the Catholic Youth Organization, of which he is president.

"Sports develop individual strength of character," he says. "They meant a lot to me. I was brought up in a somewhat artificial atmosphere—never had to exert myself for anything. But when I tried out for the hockey team at school I found my name and money didn't mean a thing. I was on my own. I had to fight for a place. Later on, I played baseball, and there it was the same thing. I couldn't have become a success in business, I believe, without the experience of learning to stand on my own ability, to fight on my own. A businessman has to know how to put up a fight."

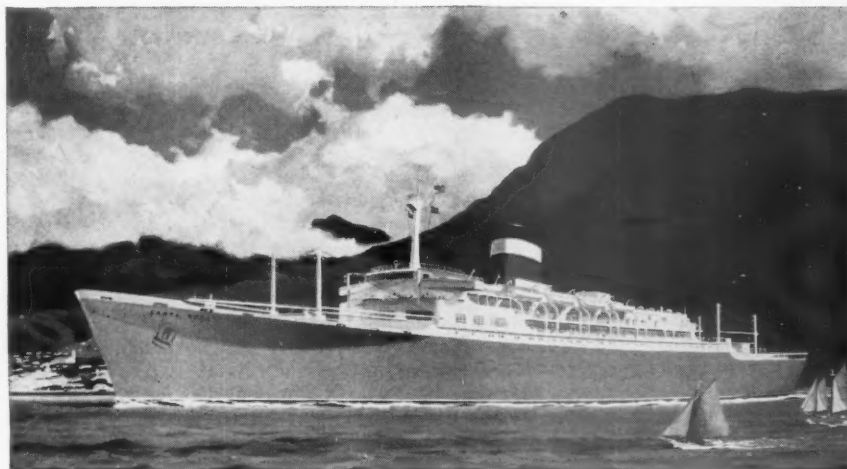
The present \$164 million structure of W. R. Grace & Co. is a measure of Peter's ability to fight on his own. The task of carrying on his grandfather's legend seems to be in safe hands.



**Mr. and Mrs. Peter Grace and their children.**  
*Mrs. Grace was a graduate of Grace Institute*

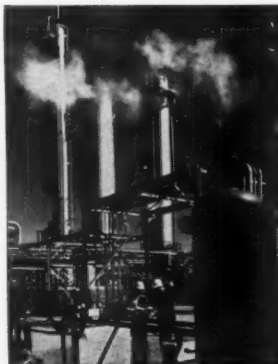


**Mr. William Russell Grace, the founder of the Grace Company**



**An artist's conception of one of the Grace Line's new ships, the "Santa Rosa"**

**View of the ammonia and urea plant in Memphis, Tennessee**



**One of the Grace Ships at the docks of Valparaiso, Chile**

The Irish are a logical people, and if any man wants proof let him not ask the English



## COME ON, MANGAN

by ALAN KING

**I**T is not true that the English cannot understand the Irish. That is an attitude fostered entirely by the English. The fact is that the ordinary Englishman just won't let himself understand the Irish.

When my wife and I were in Ireland on holiday we made the important discovery that the Irish are a very reasonable and logical people. She is a Canadian, of an unfaltering double line of Irish ancestors; I am English, though I have spent my adult life in Canada.

The first signpost toward our discovery was the matter of the Munster Games. They were held in the Father Breen Memorial Park at Kenmare, in County Kerry, and, quite logically, on a Sunday, when, after the last Mass and the midday meal, the greatest number of people had the most leisure to attend.

Along with the bills posted throughout the town to advertise the games was also conspicuous notice of a great All-Night Dance to follow. Actually, the dance was not to begin till midnight, thus giving time for losers to pay off their bets and winners to celebrate with a glass or two.

I noticed a puzzled expression on my

wife's face as we stood in front of one of the posters. After a moment she turned to me and said, "I don't quite understand how they can have an all-night dance."

"Afraid they won't be able to stay on their feet till morning?" I asked.

"That's not what I meant," she replied, giving me that look she wears when I sound as if I might be going to criticize the Irish. "What do they do about Monday morning?"

I know what I have wanted to do about Monday morning for years, but she was determined to find out what the natives of Kenmare did about it; so, when I met her at the church after Mass, she made straight for two women sitting by the roadside, their black shawls over their heads and on their faces the relaxed and contented look of those to whom passers-by are the most interesting creatures on earth.

My wife eased into conversation in the manner I have tried for years to copy. Their ears told them "Canadian," but an infallible instinct saw through to the Irish ancestry, and they were friends at once.

"Tell me about the dance this evening," said my wife.

"Ah, 'tis an all-night dance," said one. "There is always one after the Games."

"And does it go right on till morning?"

"It does. Sure you should go; even one in the town'll be there."

My wife looked dubious but pressed on to her question. "What we wanted to know," she said, "was this. If every one in the town goes to the all-night dance, how do they go to work on Monday morning?"

Both the women looked up at her, and one looks at a child who should know better. Then the one who had nothing spoken before said simply: "Sure they don't go to work on Monday morning."

There it was, stated simply by this peasant woman of Kerry—this great principle that the English, and certainly we on this continent, have failed to grasp: no man shall be a slave to his time and place of business. Imagine the havoc such a principle would wreak in the United States.

And the English! True, they have retreated from dressing for dinner in the jungle, but one can't let the country go absolutely to the dogs, what?

There was, of course, not a thing open on that Monday morning—and

even on Tuesday Kenmare wasn't stirring too much. Shop doors remained closed without explanation, and you would see a man walk up to the door of his lawyer or of the second-hand man and, on finding it shut, walk away and almost tip his hat in respect to the man who was exercising his right to withdraw for a space. To our own knowledge Mr. Timothy O'Shea, real estate, was closed for a week, and no one would give away where he was.

All around us in Kenmare we saw the effects of the system. The lack of strain, the easier pace, and the rejection of the notion that time is money. To the Irish, money is a fine thing when you have it, because you can spend it then, and time is a fine, long, flexible thing which goes on forever and is made for man's enjoyment.

We were now beginning to build up a case for the Irish as a logical and reasonable people, and in the grassy park where the Munster Games were held we found more evidence. We sat on rough benches and listened to a commentator describing from a sound truck what we could well see ourselves. We listened also to a strolling tenor and a strolling accordionist, sometimes separately and sometimes together, but never both rendering the same song. And sometimes they would be backed by the announcer. For instance, the musician would play a group of numbers for the sixpennies (standing only) and pass the hat. Then it would be time to play for the shillings (benches or grass, sitting) and, if the announcer was announcing, well, that didn't matter: it was the time to play. This was reasonable, thought the on-lookers, and nobody complained. Indeed, when the musician and the singer passed the hat, everyone put something in it: they had played and therefore they should be paid—that was logical. The fact that each had performed abominably didn't enter into it.

It seemed reasonable, too, that in the bicycle races the announcer should get in a plug for a lad from his home county (he was from Clare). "Look at that young lad go!" he would shout. "He may not be winning, but look at him go! Ah, he's a fine lad. Ye'll see him win next year or the year after."

We didn't need him to tell us who was winning. We could see for ourselves, and the group on our right kept yelling: "Come on, Mangan! Come on, Mangan!" They could have saved their breath, for Mangan won everything in sight with ease. But it was an infectious cry, and before the end we were yelling "Come on, Mangan!" ourselves.

Now it was not only in Kerry that the calm air of reason blew gently about our ears. Up in Galway we encountered

the most notable examples of simple Irish logic. We had come down by Lough Corrib in our rented car, and the Clare Hills to the south were standing sharp and clear in the golden-yellow light of a sun traveling the last segment of its course in a rain-washed sky. Suddenly my wife said, "Can we go a little faster? I promised Alice we'd watch the sun go down on Galway Bay, and this looks like a perfect evening for it."

Alice is a Canadian of Irish ancestry and typical North American sentiment about all things in the land she has never seen.

"All right," I said, "we'll be there in about fifteen minutes. We should hit it about right."

But as we sped on toward Galway town I began to wonder where we should find our vantage point. Out along the north shore of the bay, perhaps. But we knew that was a long reach and, as my wife said, "If we go along the north shore and face west we'll be looking out to sea. We must see the sun go down on the bay: that's what it says in the song."

"Then we'll have to get over to the other side and look back across the bay," I said.

"Why can't we just go right down to the Claddagh and see it from there?" she asked. "It mentions the Claddagh in the song."

"Because the Claddagh is up the bay and round a bend," I said, "and if you stand there and look west, all you'll see is the sun go down on its chimney pots."

"Oh, I see." But she didn't see—not really. My wife would never succeed

as a map maker. I knew I must prove my point, so with a glance at the sun I pushed the Austin's speed up another ten miles an hour and drove right down to the Claddagh. It worked; she was convinced. "Then where shall we go?" she asked.

"We'll have to drive through the town and round to the other side of the bay and look back," I said.

"Well, hurry up," said my wife. "The sun will soon be gone and we're leaving tomorrow."

I hurried. I think I must have hurried for nearly ten miles. Every place that looked promising turned out to be wrong: there was always something else between us and the sun besides the bay. Finally, because the sun was almost gone, we parked the car and stumbled over rocks and stones around a headland, only to find another little bay and another headland. There was no more time. We stood there and watched what was left of the sun go down on a ruminating herd of Aberdeen Angus.

"At least we saw the sun go down," said my wife. "And Galway Bay is between us and it. That'll have to do for Alice."

I pointed to the south. "There's the proper place," I said. "Go up on the hills of Clare: then you can see across the bay."

My wife shook her head. "No," she said, "that's not right. There's nothing in the song about standing in Clare. There *must* be a place where you can see it—the place where the man stood."

We turned homeward and I said no more. I knew he stood on the hills of Clare. And my wife, not knowing the words as well as Bing Crosby, was convinced he stood in Galway.

When we got back to the house we were staying in, Kate Whelan, whose home it was and who in a short day and night had become our dear friend, was waiting eagerly to know what we had seen and done that day. But my wife started right in with the question.

"Tell me about the man who wrote 'Galway Bay'," she said, just as she had said, "Tell me about the all-night dance."

"What is it you wanted to know?" said Kate.

"Where did he stand when he wrote: 'And see the sun go down on Galway Bay?'"

Kate looked from one of us to the other, with the tiniest frown, which quickly gave place to a patient smile as she remembered where we were from. "Sure he was standing in London," she said. "He hadn't been in Galway for thirty years."

And, of course, we had to admit it: it was the logical place to write those



"Laws! Laws! Laws! The river is ours but the rights are his, she says!"

words. Let the watcher stand on the hills of Clare if he would; the exile wrote only of the things he remembered "in that dear land across the Irish Sea."

It was Kate's brother, Jimmy, who convinced me beyond all doubt that the Irish are a logical and reasonable people. After giving us a clear and unbiased account of what led up to "the troubles" in 1916, of the mistakes on both sides, and of Irish economy and prospects today, he paused and said quietly, "Of course, we really *like* the English, but they won't believe it." And certainly no Englishman *would* believe that, or how could he defend his country's past actions? I am sure my uncle, who as an officer in the British Army commanded the Phoenix Park Magazine Fort in the Easter Rebellion, would have scouted the idea as nonsense. Listening to Jimmy Whelan, I believed it—but what kind of Englishman was I becoming in this land of reason?

Not like the Englishman who was taken to a pub out along the north shore of Galway Bay, where one can enjoy good drinks, excellent food, and a friendly, chatty atmosphere. Everything that evening went along fine till about a quarter to midnight. The visitor had learned that closing was at twelve o'clock and was becoming uneasy as no one was preparing to order a final round.

"Ah, there's no hurry," said his Irish host. "Relax and enjoy yourself."

The visitor, with memories of lost licenses at home, became more and more uneasy. Finally, to keep him quiet, his host allowed him to order another round, by which time it was a minute or two to twelve. Hurriedly the Englishman gulped his drink down and waited for the command. None came, but on the stroke of twelve a policeman entered. Immediately the door was locked.

"Oh, dear!" said the Englishman. "Now we'll catch it."

"Catch what?" asked his host.

"Can't you see the policeman?"

"Oh, the garda," replied the other carelessly. "Sure he's here for a drink."

"But surely the law—" began the Englishman.

"Was the door not locked on the stroke of midnight in compliance with the law?" The Irishman looked at his guest as if puzzled at the man's obtuseness.

"But the policeman's on this side of the door!"

The Irishman's eyes widened. "And which side of the door did you think he'd be on?" he asked. To this masterly logic the Englishman had no reply.

Equally logical was the story of the fliers who were forced down during the

war. This, I believe, was only a repetition of other incidents, but it did happen in Galway that when an R.A.F. crew was forced down they were all rescued and given a banquet and other entertainments in the town and then escorted in official cars to the border of Northern Ireland. If a German crew in similar circumstances expected similar treatment they were disappointed, because Jimmy Whelan told me they were put at once under guard and interned for the duration. I quoted facetiously, "Who were you neutral against?" But Jimmy nodded in agreement. "We knew who were our friends," he said, "and it seemed reasonable to let them know."

Before we left Galway we came across one example of Irish logic that at first seemed hard to accept. I had stood on the bridge over the Corrib River where it flows through the town on its way to the bay and had watched hundreds of great, fat salmon lying below me, smugly and sensuously easing their way through the clear water. But when Friday came it was not salmon we had for breakfast.

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**"Nobody goes there any more;  
it's always too crowded."—From  
The World of John McNulty**

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"I don't understand," I said. "I've seen hundreds of salmon in the river just waiting to be caught."

"Ah—yes," Kate replied, "to be caught by Colonel Blank and his friends."

"Anyhow, this fish is delicious," said my wife, looking up. "Who is Colonel Blank?"

"'Tis the Colonel owns the big house you can see there."

"That one?" I said. "It stands there almost like a castle."

"Castle it might be, for all we see of Colonel Blank. 'Tis only when he comes out on the river with his English friends we see him at all."

"D'you mean to say he's English?" I was incredulous.

"He is indeed."

"How can he catch the salmon if you can't?" asked my wife. "It's your river, isn't it?"

"Ah, sure, the river's ours," replied Kate, "but the rights are his. They go with the big house. Nobody can fish for salmon on the river but the Colonel, unless he gives permission—which he never does except to his friends."

I was outraged. "I never heard of such a thing! Ireland's an independent country now. People can't come in and do that sort of thing!"

Kate shook her head sadly. "That's just what *he* can do, anyway. The people of Galway don't like it at all. But we appealed to the highest court in the

land, and they upheld his rights. There's nothing to be done."

"Nothing to be done!" I almost sprang up from my chair. "After all the things you and Jimmy were telling us last night—how Ireland fought her War of Independence, how—why, you're the same people! Why don't you throw this man out?"

Kate smiled and shook her head almost chidingly. "Things were different then. It was the English laws that were oppressive. The law that gives Colonel Blank his fishing rights is an ancient Irish law, and it's to be kept, even if it does work a hardship."

I saw the logic, but I didn't want to. It was an Irish law, and the English were to be shown that Irishmen respected their laws.

That evening my wife and I went for a walk and leaned on the parapet of the bridge, gazing up at the square stone house. "How can he live there?" she asked, bitterly. "Surrounded by all this—this *feeling*? I think even the fish are on his side. Look at them just lying there, sneering at us."

I sighed. "The English have never worried about people disliking them. They've put up with an awful lot of it."

She looked at me queerly. "You keep saying 'the English' as though you were on the side of the Irish."

"Well," I said, "it's the fault of the Irish. Get friendly with them and they trap you. Once inside the trap you're facing their way."

"That's why the English would never let themselves get friendly with us," she replied.

It was my turn to raise my eyebrows. "Who do you mean by 'us'?" I asked.

"The Irish, of course."

I smiled and took her arm. "Let's go home," I said, "before you break out into the Irish National Anthem. Besides, I can't stand the sight of these fish any longer."

That night I lay awake, thinking about Colonel Blank and wondering what I'd have done if I had been a native of Galway. I came to no conclusion, but I do know that, between the time I dozed off and the time I awoke, I led a party of tight-lipped men by night to the square, stone house above the bridge. What we did to the Colonel I'll never know, because I awoke as I waved my men forward to the attack, yelling "Come on, Mangan!" The events of the dream became quickly confused, except for one clear memory. As I lay there in bed I remembered, with a tingle of excitement and wonder, how easily I had worn the turndown hat and belted raincoat which had been the uniform of the patriots in the days of the Easter Rebellion.



# THE SOWER OF GOLGOTHA

by ROGER MERCURIO, C.P.



**From the Cross Our Lord planted the seeds of virtue  
in the hearts of men. Our task is to see that they grow**

JESUS WAS KNOWN to His contemporaries as "the son of the carpenter." His youth and early manhood were spent in His father's carpentry shop in the Galilean town of Nazareth. Our forefathers would have called Him a townsman and craftsman in distinction to a landsman and farmer.

A man of the city, Jesus had also a deep love for nature and a high regard for the age-old occupation of farming. He was a Jew and the Jews greatly esteemed farming. There was even a religious spirit about the tilling of the land. Had not the Lord God bestowed this task upon Adam in the garden of paradise? Had He not promised to the wandering Israelites a land flowing with milk and honey? To till this promised land was their God-given duty.

The cultivated fields of Palestine were small according to our standards. The larger farms were confined to the luxuriant plain of Esdraclon and along the fertile Jordan valley. The small plots of farmland were not marked off by fences. Nothing prevented both man and cattle from wandering through growing wheat and barley fields on well-worn pathways. Only too often the top soil was shallow, just a thin layer spread over rock and stone. Thorny weeds and thistles tended to grow up everywhere, even in the very midst of the crop.

Farming in first-century Palestine followed a traditional pattern. The farmer of our Lord's time, like his ancestors before him, broke up the soil with small iron-pointed plows. The process was more akin to harrowing than to plowing as we know it today. With one hand the farmer tried to steady the plow in a furrow; with the other he goaded the lazy oxen along. It was a laborious task, and more than one man turned back after putting his hand to the plow.

After the farmer had worked over the land in this primitive manner, he was ready to scatter the seed. He would walk through the field with a basket of seed in his hand or a bag slung over his shoulder. As he sowed, some of the seed would fall upon the pathway which cut across the plot of land. This seed would soon be trodden on by passersby and finally snatched up by hungry birds. Other seed would fall upon shallow soil. It would send forth a hasty stalk and leaf, but the burning heat of the Palestinian sun would soon wither its leaves, bake the ground, and dry up the roots. Yet other seed would fall near the thorny weeds and thistle bushes. The faster growing brush would choke the small blades of wheat and keep them from reaching full growth. The greater part of the seed would fall upon good soil and eventually bring forth the rich

harvest which made Galilee the breadbasket of ancient Palestine.

Many times the young Christ walked through the countryside, keenly aware of the wonderful world of nature. His sermons reflected a sharp sense of observation. Though a townsman, He spoke with words redolent of the land—of planting and harvesting, of plow and furrow, of wheat and tares. He was acquainted with the techniques and hazards of farming.

The simple methods of farming and agriculture reminded Him of His own divine mission to be a teacher. His work was to instruct men in the lessons of virtuous living. He delighted in picturing Himself as planting the seeds of virtue in the hearts of men. The carpenter of Nazareth has become the Sower!

He sowed the seed when He taught in the synagogues of Galilee or along the shore of Lake Tiberias. On hillsides or in desert places, wherever crowds gathered around Him, He taught men how to practice obedience and patience and charity. His sermon on the mount was a profound instruction in a life of virtue.

But not all the seed fell upon good soil. Only too often Our Lord's message was scattered upon fruitless hearts, described so well in the parable. A man like Judas heard the word, but Satan came and stole the lessons of virtue from

his heart with the result that he did not believe. Others received the word with joy and manifested enthusiasm, but in face of persecution by the Jewish leaders these fickle souls turned from Jesus and no longer followed His teaching. More than one repeated the story of the rich young man. These welcomed Our Lord's instructions but soon allowed the deceitful attractions of wealth and pleasure to choke the call to virtue.

Our Lord realized that preaching was not enough. Men needed example. If His message was indeed to penetrate the heart and produce a rich harvest, He Himself must mount the pulpit of the Cross.

During the hours of His Sacred Passion He was sowing the seed of example, impressing upon men's souls the lessons of every virtue. St. Peter later wrote of Him: "Christ on his part suffered for you, leaving you an example that you might follow in his footsteps." Again and again from Gethsemani to Golgotha Jesus could have repeated the words He spoke at the Last Supper: "I have set you an example, so that what I have done, you too should do."

All the sublime teaching of His public ministry Our Lord preached again during His Passion. When the scourges fell with stinging ferocity upon His innocent flesh, His silent, humble acceptance repeated those earlier words from the sermon on the mount: "Do not resist the evil-doer; if someone strike thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also." In that same inaugural discourse He told us to love our enemies; on the cross He gave us a heroic example of such love. Like the sower in the parable, Jesus from the cross was scattering the seed of His own example of every virtue.

This sowing was no easy task for Our Lord. No farmer toiled so hard at tilling the soil of earth as Jesus Crucified toiled to cultivate a virtuous life in the souls of His followers! The ground in the Garden of Olives was reddened with the bloody sweat that poured from His weary body. His back was raked and harrowed by the strokes of the scourge. Sharp thorns sank deep roots into His sacred brow. Iron of nail and lance dug into His hands and side. Sowing the seed of virtue in our hearts cost Him dearly!

Have men responded to this "planting" by Christ Crucified? As the dying Saviour looked out from the cross, did He behold the field of the world white for the harvest? Or, on the contrary, was the familiar but discouraging story of the parable repeated once again, not in the small fields of Galilee, but in the lives of men and women over the entire world?

The Divine Sower of Golgotha knew very well that the Evil One would strive mightily to frustrate His labors. Satan would use every artifice to snatch the seed from the hearts of men. Like the hungry birds in the parable, he would watch for every opportunity of carrying off the divine seed before it had a chance to germinate. How many human agents offer their services to the Evil One for this devilish work of destruction? From the ranks of atheistic teachers and delinquent parents and of immoral entertainers and evil companions, Satan has ever found instruments willing to steal the example of the cross from the souls of men.

Christ Crucified beheld the seed falling upon the shallow hearts of fickle men. At first they heard the lessons of the Passion with joy. But they were reluctant to accept the full meaning of the cross and suffering. They failed to root its teaching deep in their souls. "As soon as distress or persecution comes, they are at once upset." At one time they practiced their faith and imitated

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• Always know what you are talking about, but don't always talk about what you know.—Quote

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the virtues of Jesus Crucified. In time of trial and persecution, however, they withered away, for their faith was shallow, without deep roots of constancy and conviction.

Another saddening vision presented itself to the mind of the Divine Sower. He saw yet other souls who would listen indeed to the message of His example, but as they would go through life they would become entangled in worldly excitement and pleasure. "The deceitful attractions of wealth and the other allurements of passion" would stifle the word of Christ in their hearts. We find such souls today. They so seek the perishable treasures of this life that they have little or no concern for the practices of religion and the cultivation of Christian virtues. Their promising first efforts never mature to bring forth spiritual fruits.

All this the Divine Sower saw from the cross—the attacks of the enemy, the fickleness of some, and the lack of steadfastness and perseverance on the part of others. Sadness crept over His heart as he realized that His example would fall upon such barren soil. It was the same sadness that a farmer experiences as he looks at a field ravaged by flood or parched by drought. Jesus could not but ask Himself: Was this why He had come—to raise nothing but

thorns and thistles? Was the fruit of His Passion to consist in fickle hearts and half-grown virtues? Why then this wasted labor in planting the seed of virtuous example?

Our Lord looked deeper into the hearts of others—the good soil of generous men and women. There He saw the power of His example at work in this "right kind of soil." As He toiled and planted on Golgotha's hill, He knew that many would hear the word and hold it fast with a right and good heart. These would bear fruit in patience.

Yes, in the lives of generous Christians, Jesus' Passion has reaped an abundant harvest. Men and women of every age have been moved by His sufferings to walk in His bloodstained footsteps. The martyrs in the early church, the heroic confessors and virgins of the middle ages, self-sacrificing mothers and fathers of today—all have found inspiration in the example Christ Crucified has given. The seed has fallen into the ground and died, but once it has died, it bears abundant fruit.

Each Christian must water and nourish this seed of Christ's example in his own heart. Obedience and patience, charity and purity—all these he must cultivate with care in order to bring forth fruits worthy of eternal life.

This requires work and toil. For frequently one's heart is not prepared for the lessons of the cross. Thorns and thistles of worldly cares tend to choke its message. The fervent Christian will root out such weeds by mortification and self-denial. Trials and tribulations may scorch one's soul like the hot, noon-day sun. The follower of Christ will water the roots of virtue through meditation and personal reflections upon the Sacred Passion. Even in our own times, Satan and his willing agents hover near, like the hungry birds in the parable, to snatch the lessons of Jesus' sufferings from our hearts. With a penetrating faith in Christ we can drive off the preying demon and his temptations.

If all this demands toil of us, we should not shirk the sweat and labors of the task. It was a Crucified Christ who sowed the seed at the cost of utmost suffering. Surely for love of Him we will be willing to undergo the work that yet remains to be done in the garden of our souls.

This vision—of generous souls willing to put into practice the lessons of the cross—encouraged the Divine Sower of Golgotha. This it was that rejoiced the heart of Christ Crucified.

Yes, the sower went out to sow the seed. It is a familiar story, but never has it been told with more force or meaning than by the Divine Sower on the Cross of Golgotha.

ON a bright and beautiful Texas morning in 1944, two pretty Catholic sisters set out upon what they thought would be a routine visit to their doctor's office. For Sallie and Nadine Woods, of Liberty, Texas, the day began much like any other morning. The girls rose early, attended Mass, then breakfasted with their mother and their sister, Dell. Dell, who had been confined to a wheelchair since she was thirteen years old, was her usual gay self.

A devout Catholic, Dell had never allowed the limitations of her wheelchair world to dim her faith or dull her radiant personality. She knew that she suffered from a strange and little-understood malady that crippled, then killed—dread muscular dystrophy. From childhood, Dell's movements had been retarded, and when she reached the fourth grade, she had to drop out of school. At thirteen, unable to walk, she'd resigned herself to spending the remainder of her life in a wheelchair.

Muscular Dystrophy was to cost Dell Woods her life in late October of 1957. But back in that morning in 1944, when Nadine and Sallie were to visit their doctor to check up on the fatigue they'd been feeling lately, Dell was optimistic. She believed, as did Sallie and Nadine, that the girls were merely a bit run-down and that some simple remedy would set things right again.

At the University of Texas Medical Branch in Galveston, the doctor talked to both girls. Their symptoms—fatigue and a tiredness of the legs that caused their steps to falter a little—were remarkably similar. They felt that it might be a vitamin deficiency or something equally simple but the doctor—making out their reports—was grave. Too grave.

After he'd checked both girls, he considered his words carefully as if they were words he regretted having to say.

Then at last, when he could put it off no longer, the doctor said: "I hate to give you my opinion. Because, frankly, there isn't any cure for the disease you girls are suffering from. We know little or nothing about what causes it. We know that it's incurable and progressive, and that, eventually, it is a killer. It attacks children as well as adults. *Both of you girls are suffering from muscular dystrophy.*" He seemed reluctant to say the rest, "The only thing that I or any other doctor can tell you to do as things stand right now is just to go home and try to forget it."

As Sallie recalls that day: "There aren't words to describe how Nadine and I felt. It wasn't as if we hadn't known exactly what we were in for. We'd watched the sister we loved slowly dying of the disease this Galveston doctor now told us we were suffering from."

**"There is no cure." This diagnosis was the beginning of two girls' fight, for themselves and for others, against muscular dystrophy**

## WHEEL-CHAIR CAMPAIGN

by **FRANCES ANCKER** and **CYNTHIA HOPE**



*The Annual Prayer Crusade brings together the prayers of a whole nation*

When Sallie regained her composure, she said: "But we can't just give up, doctor! We still have so much to do. . . ."

That feeling, shared by the three dystrophy-stricken Woods sisters, was to mean the first ray of light in a world of darkness for dystrophy sufferers in every corner of the world.

With a deep and genuine sympathy, the doctor replied: "I'm sorry. But right now, there's just nothing we can do for muscular dystrophy victims."

"Maybe," Sallie points out, "that was the real beginning of our big fight. Because, you see, we realized that the doctor hadn't referred to us as 'patients' the way a doctor ordinarily does. Instead, he'd spoken of us as 'victims.'"

**T**HE pretty Woods sisters were quite unaware then that they belonged to a group of 250,000 Americans who suffered from muscular dystrophy—"victims" who must then have felt quite as isolated and alone as did the Woods sisters.

The girls' patron saint is St. Thérèse the Little Flower, and they prayed to her on that trip home. They didn't know how they could fight the vast unknown quotient of muscular dystrophy—three sisters in a small Texas town, faced by a future of slow-creeping paralysis. They did not know how wheelchair invalids could accomplish what medical science had not yet even dared try. Perhaps St. Thérèse knew the answer to that question.

And if the girls had been granted the vision to look ahead, what they saw would have seemed little short of a miracle: a future that would one day bring the world to their wheelchairs; the knowledge that they had been directly responsible for the establishment of five muscular dystrophy research projects; that they'd win the enthusiastic co-operation of great medical authorities, universities, hospitals—that they'd be backed by the support of such influential national celebrities as Ed Sullivan, Roy Rogers, Dale Evans; that an entire nation would one day maintain a twenty-four-hour prayer vigil for the success of their cause.

The idea that was to turn the first light on the night world of muscular dystrophy came to the girls when their hopes were at an especially low ebb. They'd been on a three-girl campaign to try to contact people who suffered from muscular dystrophy, hoping that by doing so they might discover some information that could help them. They started out by contacting every doctor in their area—and now they'd run out of names. All the inquiries came to nothing. The curtain of darkness remained.

Where to go for more help? It was just after the "Family Rosary" that the idea which was to change the girls' lives occurred to them. Their inquiries had covered a wide area—but what about their own medicine cabinet, with its variety of bottles marked with the names of the giant pharmaceutical companies? Mightn't these companies—in contact with doctors all over the world—have some vital information on muscular dystrophy? It was a long shot.

That night, the girls sat down and wrote letters to all the pharmaceutical companies, appealing for information.

Time dragged. It was a while before the replies began to drift back. When they did come in, they seemed almost uniformly discouraging. The same blank wall. The same lack of information they had found elsewhere.

Then, one day, a letter arrived from one of the pharmaceutical companies, suggesting that the girls get in touch with a doctor at the University of Pennsylvania—a physician who had expressed a deep interest in a muscular dystrophy case he had recently seen.

Just a faint hope. Little more. But the girls followed up on it immediately. As the doctor who received that letter later explained: "Something compelled me to write."

His letter was not an optimistic one. For how could any realistic doctor, in 1944, possibly be even mildly heartening about the paralyzing killer?

**B**UT one line of the letter struck a spark that fired the Woods sisters' determination.

Why, the doctor suggested, didn't the girls put some of their spare time to use in an effort to establish a foundation for muscular dystrophy research in their home town of Liberty, Texas?

Sallie, Dell, and Nadine didn't even know if such a venture, handled by inexperienced fund-raisers in a small town, had ever been tried before. They didn't know how to go about it. They only knew how to give their faith, their time, and their courage.

Though their strength was ebbing daily, the girls financed their first efforts for the drive by doing secretarial work in their home. This paid for stationery and various other necessities which were vital in the program to create interest in the movement.

"How many hours did we work to do it?" says Sallie with a thoughtful smile. "How many hours can you stay awake every day?"

On March 20, 1950, the Woods sisters received their charter. The National Muscular Dystrophy Research Foundation was no longer a dream—but a reality.



**Nadine Woods, Roy Rogers and Sallie Woods join a campaign for the Foundation**

The three pretty wheelchair sisters had put into motion the first national drive ever to raise funds for research in muscular dystrophy. Other great drives followed, one within a few months: the powerful and effective Muscular Dystrophy Associations of America.

It was just after the girls got their charter and started in on the biggest battle—that of making the public see the desperate need of their cause—that a stranger came to see them one day at their home in Liberty. Their visitor was a Dominican missionary, and the girls asked him to pray for the success of their foundation.

"Every day," he promised the girls, "I'll remember your work in my prayers."

Shortly afterward, the Dominican missionary left Liberty, and the girls never could find him again, although they often thought of the kind man and his promise to pray for their cause.

It was some years later, during a fund-raising drive for the foundation in Houston, Texas, that the girls next heard of the Dominican missionary.

The National Muscular Dystrophy Research Foundation of Liberty, Texas, by then known all over the nation, had enlisted the aid of Houston firemen, members of Local 341, and their auxiliary to team up in an all-out drive to raise funds to fight muscular dystrophy.

One thousand firemen in a house-to-



house campaign were soliciting for the drive. One fireman was met at the door of a house by a man who gave him a quick, "Sorry, but I already contribute to too many other drives. I've just given the Red Cross and the March of Dimes donations, and . . ." The fireman stood braced for a refusal, when suddenly he heard someone speak from the living room. The voice said, "You know—the foundation started by those three Woods sisters up in Liberty, Texas."

In a moment, the man who had spoken from the living room was at the door. He said, "Here, let me contribute something to the drive. It's very close to my heart. I promised the Woods sisters several years ago that I'd pray for their foundation. How is it doing?"

The fireman explained that the little foundation already had an inspiring record. He told the man who'd asked that the foundation had led to the establishment of a five-year, \$250,000 research project sponsored jointly by the University of Texas Medical Branch and the Foundation at Liberty, Texas; that further work on muscular dystrophy research was now taking place at Baylor University College of Medicine in the Texas Medical Center at Houston; that the foundation had a research program under way at Trinity University in San Antonio, Texas; that it had sponsored a grant for research at the University of Texas Biochemical

Institute at Austin, Texas; that a graduate of Harvard Medical school and of Massachusetts Institute of Technology had been appointed through the efforts of the Foundation to act as co-ordinator of the first research unit of its kind in the nation—a unit in which research in the various fields which relate to muscular dystrophy was, for the first time, co-ordinated.

The stranger gave the fireman a heart-warming smile. "Then my prayers have helped," he said.

"Who are you?" the fireman wanted to know.

"I'm a Dominican missionary," the man said. "I think," he said, "that I'll get in my car and drive up to Liberty and congratulate the Woods sisters."

**U**NFORTUNATELY, the girls were in Houston that day—in connection with the work being done by firemen on the drive, and so they missed their good friend.

"We called seven monasteries," Nadine says, "and everywhere, they would say, 'yes, we know him.' But no one knew where he could be found."

"But it's as if he'd been here, cheering us on, all along," Sallie says. "His prayers have meant so much to us."

The girls, too, never stopped praying. "We pray for the grace to know God's will and the strength to carry it out," says Nadine.

And Sallie adds with a dazzling smile, "When we prayed, we always said: we don't care how hard it is, Lord, if you'll just show us the way."

Surely, the Woods sisters have been shown the way. And now, a whole nation prays for their cause in the National Muscular Dystrophy Research Foundation's Annual Prayer Crusade. Cowboy film star Roy Rogers leads this prayer:

"Our Heavenly Father, we humbly pray Thy divine guidance for Thy humble servants of the National Muscular Dystrophy Research Foundation, who are striving to relieve the suffering of Thy children afflicted by this disease. We pray Thy holy spirit to lighten and quicken the minds of those doing the research, and to warmly comfort and sustain the sufferers of Muscular Dystrophy as they patiently await deliverance. Our Lord Jesus Christ said, 'He that believeth on Me, the works that I do shall he do also, and greater works than these shall he do, because I go unto My Father, and whatsoever ye shall ask in My name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If ye shall ask anything in My name, I will do it.' Father, we ask Thee and thank Thee for Thy divine guidance in Muscular Dystrophy

**FRANCES ANCKER** and **CYNTHIA HOPE**, mother-daughter writing team, have written for TV and radio as well as for *Saturday Evening Post*, *This Week*, and other magazines.

Research, in the name of Our Lord, Jesus Christ, Amen."

Leading the prayer crusade last year and this are a small poster boy and poster girl, both victims of the disease. Perhaps the saddest aspect of muscular dystrophy is that it strikes so severely at children.

Poster-boy Ronnie is older than poster-girl, Linda Lou. Last year, Ronnie was able to stand and also to walk a little. This year, Ronnie is in a wheelchair.

Recently, when the Woods sisters were working on a campaign drive with Linda Lou and Ronnie, Linda Lou turned to her mother and said:

"Mama, I want to know—why can't Ronnie walk now, like he did last year?"

In the mother's heart was the tragic knowledge that all too soon her own little Linda Lou would find the answer to that question in her faltering gait and in legs that would soon refuse to support her.

The poster boy who preceded Ronnie—Raymond Waller—died on April 16, a victim of the disease.

Recently, the foundation supplied a wheelchair to a small dystrophy victim who did not want to use it. Told by the understanding Woods sisters that Roy Rogers was a sponsor of the Muscular Dystrophy Research Foundation and would like him to use the wheelchair, the little boy agreed to try it out.

Later, the girls learned that the little muscular dystrophy victim had named his wheelchair "Trigger," after Roy Rogers' famous horse—and that the little boy is looking forward to the day when he can trade his wheelchair, "Trigger," for a horse named "Trigger," exactly like Roy Rogers' horse.

If Nadine and Sallie Woods win the great fight that they started, that time may not be too far off. The work that began from three wheelchairs is well under way.

On the highway that leads into Liberty, Texas, there is now a sign that reads:

*You are entering Liberty, Texas, home of the National Muscular Dystrophy Foundation.*

It might well read instead: You are entering Liberty, Texas, home of the Woods sisters, where you will find hope and courage and where you will see, first-hand, the kind of faith that moves mountains.

**Firemen from Houston Texas, and their lady auxiliary unit work with the Woods sisters**



# WOMAN to WOMAN

by KATHERINE BURTON

## **We Have Failed Our Youths**

LAST MONTH I wrote here a defense of young people and of ways in which their emotions can be guided toward helping others rather than thinking constantly of themselves. This month I write of another facet of youth, a sadder one.

Years ago, even before the First World War, there was a slogan hailing this as the century of the child. The slogan was no doubt needed. It put through more than one law against child labor; it brought children's general well-being into the public eye. Reading over what happened during the following years, I think that perhaps it brought them forward a lot too far. There is something to be said for the old adage, long tossed on the scrap heap, that children should be seen and not heard. No doubt it was a pleasant phrase for grown-ups who wanted to be left in peace; on the other hand, it gave the child opportunity, even if enforced, to observe and learn. Instead, today parents learn from the child; young people apparently learn from each other, as well as from advertisements, movies, and magazines.

It was a sad day when people, wishing only to give the young more liberty and more happiness, gave them instead the heady draught of license, which means running yourself before you are old enough to know the sometimes irreparable results of your actions.

The young drive fast cars; they are able to get liquor. This began in the days of Prohibition, of course, but it has led to the next evil—misdirected sex. To stray was then still considered among the vices or—to use an old-fashioned word—among the sins. Today a much more terrible thing is happening, for, to some among the young, sex is no more than reckless driving or drunkenness. Again it is the adults—the scheming men and women in the market place—who are doing much of the harm to brain and body, to conscience and love and duty, and to all those other uncomfortable old virtues. We have a fine perfume named *My Sin*. We have an odd fashion called the chemise dress which looks exactly like the Mother Hubbard wrappers which straight-laced, Protestant missionaries put on the lightly clad natives of the South Sea isles as one way to teach them modesty. Now listen to the modern designer of this dress—an American—who thus pushes this fashion: "Fabric slithering over the body is far away more sexy than a fitted bodice." The remark had quotation marks around it. I quote literally.

## **The Failure in Education**

IN DAYS OF OLD, when educators and parents were bold, we had classes that had regular courses, stuff like geography and literature and science and mathematics. We started out with a course and stuck to it. You might not like physics, but a year of it was required; if you wanted more, you took it later in the high-school years. I remember a science teacher who worked late afternoons with two boys who were addicted to science. He got no extra money for it, but that is the way we developed scientists in those days: we gave them a course as a requirement and then gave them selfless help. And many of them went on to benefit the country which educated them.

I note that a physicist from the University of Buffalo lists an appalling number who enrolled in physics courses and then failed or dropped out—in some cases over sixty per cent. Too bad they did not get good teaching in high school, for that is where the trouble starts. After all, a college is supposed to get advanced students.

## **The Failure in Morals**

BUT THE SADDEST failure of education is in the field of morals and decency, in what some call freedom and others call license. Last week an appeal came to me in the mail from a congregation which, among its other works of mercy, takes care of unmarried mothers. It enclosed a reprint from a newspaper: the number of illegitimate children born to high-school girls in one great city is so high that the number is being kept secret. The religious asked financial help for those they had in their care. In this month's *Ladies' Home Journal* is an article: "Today it Might be your Daughter." Read it and weep, but also think and think deeply. It is written by a man who has children of his own and who is an obstetrician. He unfolds more than one sorry story. He tells of a girl of high standing in her college who is unmarried and about to have a baby. He asked her questions which she answered with odd honesty. "There is no promiscuity. We have a strict code," she told him. He asked about love: "Not an essential. Kids are more interested in learning about life," she said.

Girls like these who come to him are, he says, "nice normal girls, like your daughters and mine." He asked one girl how it could ever have happened, for he knew she had been well brought up. "We came out of that torrid movie and had two cans of beer and it couldn't be stopped," she said.

Is it any wonder a Cardinal breaks out when some think he should be silent on so delicate a topic as *Baby Doll*? No wonder priests speak as they do, almost as this doctor does. They hear it in the confessional, for nice Catholic boys and girls are involved here too. When asked if she and the boy had taken no precautions, one girl said, "Oh, no, it is against his religion." You and I know what religion she meant. Only one Church speaks like that.

The doctor points out one important fact: what grown-ups wave away as silly—the sex exaggeration of ads, for instance—is a very different thing to a teen-ager. The young today, he says, are subjected to sex in its rawest forms in plays and books and before they have the faintest conception of its total meaning in life. Some it wrecks and even those who do not give in know about it—like the young Catholic who said, "At the parties you know there is another one going on upstairs." Or the girl who said to me, "In a way, M. is a good town to live in. Seventy-five per cent of the people are broken families. The kids understand each other better."

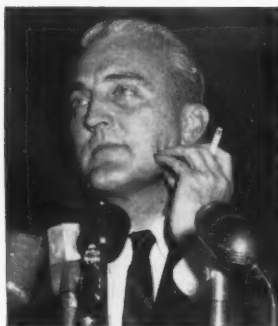
I don't know the answers to the situation, but I do know the answers will have to be good and come soon from responsible parents, teachers, and clergymen, who know they have a responsibility not only to one home, one school, one parish, but to all the children of the land. As Cardinal Suhard pointed out, today it is not one lost lamb but a multitude of strays who must be sought out and saved.



# TV CODE

**How can TV abuses be cleaned up? The industry has its own self-imposed code. What is it? And how successful is it?**

**by EDWARD J. MOWERY, JR.**



*Top to Bottom: Sarnoff of NBC; Bronson, Director of TV Code; Goldenson of ABC; Jones of CBS*

A woman viewer, outraged at the offensive nature of a television "show," sent this caustic protest to the network.

"When I permit you to advertise in my home, I expect programs that will not embarrass me, or cause my children to wonder. Some things are not entertainment."

And from a sufferer whose ear-drums had been blasted by the incessant, up-volume chatter of a pitchman:

"Every time I get interested in a program, it's interrupted by a grinning, gurgling commercial. Wouldn't it be more effective to tantalize people with two good commercials than disgust them with dozens of poor ones?"

These aren't isolated protests nor are the above TV abuses exceptional. Over-commercialization, suggestive or "blue" ad lib lines, indecent costuming, and bad taste in programming now permeate numerous TV channels.

Abuses are so commonplace, in fact, that some viewers are fortifying them-

selves with electronic gadgets to cut off the huckster or black out the offensive costume. Others—untold thousands—bombard networks, stations, and sponsors yearly with written protests.

And the most dangerous signs of revolt (to the industry) is the progress of pay-as-you-go TV plans which purportedly would allow viewers utmost selectivity in choosing programs . . . for a fee.

These are defensive moves by an up-to-now tolerant public.

But why should the public be on the defensive at all? You are host to the broadcaster whose program enters your family circle. He and his performers are your guests.

And the license he holds isn't a right. It's merely a privilege . . . by governmental edict. His sole function as a licensee is to serve the "public interest, convenience, and necessity."

And therein lies the weakness of the whole problem.

Technically, the commercial licensee is on probation. His antics are theoretically under constant supervision by the Federal Communications Commission, which is empowered to suspend or lift his franchise.

The FCC has never revoked or failed to renew a commercial TV license.

The Federal Trade Commission, which conducts a militant and aggressive war against illicit TV advertising, can monitor only a fraction of the programs on the air. It's doing a splendid job with its limited facilities.

What about the Congress, which constantly threatens to regulate TV programming? "Regulate" implies censorship, an admittedly ugly word in the field of communications.

These are the safeguards against TV abuses at the federal level, ambitious but anemic.

Actually, the only deterrents to wide-open programming are: 1) the integrity of the individual broadcaster, and 2) the

industry's Television Code, now observing the sixth anniversary of its adoption by the National Association of Broadcasters.

The effectiveness of the NAB code—an excellent instrument designed to safeguard TV morality and ban excessive commercialization—has been seriously challenged by many critics.

The Code suggests specific commercial time standards, provides for display of a seal by its some 300 subscribers (rarely seen by viewers), and is administered by a five-man review board which also interprets its regulations.

The Code's subscribers, including the three TV networks and nineteen TV film makers, reach nearly 80 per cent of all television receivers. Under tenets of the code, they promise to:

"Maintain a TV programing level which gives full consideration to the educational, informational, cultural, economic, moral, and entertainment needs of the American people, to the end that more and more people will be better served."

This, in essence, is the industry's pledge of good conduct. Is it merely idealistic . . . and a whitewash?

A thumbnail sketch of TV's early, tempestuous history and the reasons for adoption of a code of ethics may shed some light on both questions. And none is more qualified to speak for the industry than Edward H. Bronson, NAB Director of Code Affairs (also known as the industry's "fire-extinguisher.")

Bronson, a TV veteran of twenty-four years and an executive assistant in the Office of Censorship in World War II, characterizes the Code as a "husky, five-year-old youngster" born in fact in the shadow of a Congressional threat to clean up TV's excesses.

This was in the early fifties when crime, horror, daring costuming, and "pitch" techniques rode rampant on the airways, and irate parents demanded Congressional action. It came in the form of sensational hearings and an implied threat of governmental censorship.

"Legislation was then before Congress," Bronson recalled, "to provide for formation of a citizens' committee to review and make recommendations concerning TV and radio programing. Some said a threat of governmental intervention brought about the code. To some extent, this was correct.

"Broadcasters, however, felt that any excesses or weaknesses in proper (programing) control weren't of such magnitude they couldn't be handled by the industry itself."

The Television Code, drafted by a twelve-man committee as an instrument of self-regulation, attracted fifty initial

EDWARD J. MOWERY, special writer for the Newhouse newspaper chain, worked for many years for the N. Y. World Telegram and then for the Herald Tribune. His articles have appeared in Look, Catholic Digest, Columbia, and other magazines.

subscribers upon its adoption in 1952.

"Adoption of the Code," Bronson declared, "was, and still is, a sincere attempt by broadcasters to improve their service to all the public. In its comparatively short and sensationally active career, TV has had perhaps a greater impact on the lives and habits of Americans than any other mass communications medium.

"Many hail it as a new and powerful educator. Others contend it will make gangsters and automatons of our children. Indications are that the former philosophy will be closer to the end result."

Bronson denied that the Code is a whitewash and its punitive phase almost nonexistent. (A subscriber's seal may be lifted for "continuing, wilful, or gross" violations of the rules.)

"This is a voluntary program of self-regulation," the official stressed, "and our principal endeavor is to correct rather than chastise. We've kept stations operating within the Code, rather than seeing them tossed out."

In its six-year history, the NAB has never deprived a code subscriber of membership or lifted the Seal of Good Practice for . . . malpractice. The nearest approach to punitive action by the NAB came when six Code subscribers resigned because they "couldn't or wouldn't" change their broadcasting methods to conform to the rules.

While the NAB Code is a splendid set of regulations, actual interpretation of the rules and the final decision on ethical practices rests only with the station operator.

In short, Code officials can't police the activity of subscribers. Their function is merely advisory.

It might be well to add at this point that none will dispute the sincerity and integrity of Bronson and his Code associates in attempting to make broadcasters hew to the ethical line. But, to be realistic, it takes more than advice to insure adherence to the rules.

What about the monitoring systems conducted by both the NAB and the Federal Trade Commission, or the vast censorship departments maintained by the three TV networks at a reputed annual cost of \$500,000?

In 1956, NAB monitored 17,000 hours of programing on 104 stations and clocked 1,717 letters of complaint from viewers who didn't like what they saw.

The FTC (\$100,000) monitoring sys-

tem, aimed at detection of phony, objectionable, or misleading advertising, also forwards to the FCC information derived from its efforts.

The FCC counted more than 1,700 letters of protest in '56 and its spokesmen have stated that they will "continue to be sensitive to any changes in the operating practices of broadcasters."

Viewers, condemning both content and presentation of commercials, protested false, excessive, loud, offensive, and "pitch" type advertising and cited specific examples.

On the programing side, they deplored profanity, irreverence, indecency (in costuming), and general bad taste. (The NAB code cites thirty specific rules governing acceptability of program material and thirty-five stipulations aimed at better advertising presentation.)

While the complainants who addressed protests to NAB and the FCC represent a bare fraction of the millions of viewers, conversely few irate citizens know how to reach either agency.

And a top industry spokesman told this writer: "Big issues alone stir a spontaneous public response from viewers, relatively few of whom will put their protests in writing."

He might have added that a second reason—public apathy—is even more deadly. Those who "couldn't care less" are poor prospects for the sponsor's products.

None can determine with any degree of accuracy the number of viewers who protest TV fare to independent agencies, sponsors, performers, or advertising agencies. As for the networks, officials say laudatory messages outnumber gripes about four to one.

The networks receive approximately one million communications of all types each year. And network chiefs unstintingly praise both the effectiveness of the NAB Code and their own "editing" departments, engaged in a never-ending rat race to screen out objectionable material in scripts, films, commercials, and announcements.

They admittedly have no defense against the ad lib "blue" line or offensive phrase by an "artist" or "comedian" whose vulgarity invades your living room.

To NBC President Robert W. Sarnoff, the Television Code has served both subscriber and industry as a "valuable" instrument.

"It works toward the establishment of high standards of television fare and responsibility in advertising presentation," he said, "and both letter and spirit of the Code—from its inception—have enjoyed the support of responsible broadcasters. I am confident they will continue to do so."



Leonard H. Goldenson, President of ABC-Paramount Theaters, Inc., also praised effectiveness of the Code and characterized ABC's censoring unit as "the inquiring mind which ferrets out facts for listener protection."

And Merle S. Jones, President of CBS Television, declared that administrators of the Code are dedicated to the presentation of programs "within standards of decency and good taste."

Referring obliquely to the element of human failure in adhering to code standards under the pressure of mass TV production, he added:

"In a single week, we may broadcast ninety hours of TV network programs, the equivalent of more than forty feature motion pictures. It's obvious that, with this quantity, there will be some variance in standards. While we're proud of our record on the whole, we're always happy to receive constructive, specific suggestions."

"No code," the CBS official said, "should be rigidly restrictive."

The rosy appraisal of TV fare by its top brass apparently isn't shared by everyone in the industry. A few months ago in Chicago, G. Richard Shafto, outgoing chairman of the NAB Code Review Board, flatly warned delegates at the thirty-fifth annual convention:

"The television industry must regulate or be regulated, govern or be governed. This . . . is the keystone to not just what we should do, but what we must do to perpetuate our system of broadcasting which is today unique in the world."

The official said bluntly that the spectre of governmental censorship constantly hovers over the free-wheeling industry. (Every Congressional session witnesses one or more "Regulatory" measures falling into the parliamentary hopper).

The NAB Code, Shafto attested, isn't a "whitewash, decoy, or a make-shift Maginot Line." But those subscribers who ignore its provisions should "quietly be asked to resign."

The Shafto warning was followed on May 29 by another significant appraisal of the TV output when two of the industry's highest-paid writers blasted the medium for being "mired in the muck of mediocrity."

TV scripts, one writer asserted, are primarily geared for a twelve-year-old mind and the industry's main concern is a dollar-and-cents return.

(In 1956, the TV industry clocked \$896,900,000 in total revenues, a twenty per cent hike over 1955.)

"Everybody knows it," one writer taunted. "Why not say it?"

It doesn't require warnings and criticisms from TV's own experts, however,

to see what's happening around the clock on TV screens.

A TV actor, starring in a live opus, gets by with a well-rounded curse which shocked thousands of viewers. A contestant on a top-rated quiz program chides a fellow contestant for his stupidity . . . with a blasphemous phrase.

Mike Wallace, who conducts "spontaneous" and "unrehearsed" TV interviews, needed a "reformed" mobster into launching a torrid, unprintable attack upon responsible West Coast public officials.

The same Wallace (on September 21) permitted America's leading advocate of birth control to sell her controversial philosophy to millions of viewers . . . and stirred up a tempest.

Indecent attire and suggestive dialogue have become standard "attributes" of the TV format.

Every day on every channel, decibel-happy technicians blast viewers out of their chairs with upvolumed commercials. Staring pitchmen throw balls at invisible screens to startle the captive audience in the living room.

"Hard-sell" artists rock fans each five minutes with commercials, deliberately contrived for their "irritation" value, on feature-length (aged) movies. The theory is that some part of the commercial gem will stick if the message is repeatedly drummed into viewers' ears.

Just what is the solution for effectively cleaning up TV abuses? The broadcasters assertedly want wholesome, entertaining, and educational TV fare. And certainly the public, which underwrites TV's costs by purchasing its advertisers' products, is entitled to the best the industry can offer.

There are three avenues of relief immediately available.

Since the broadcasters welcome laudatory and adverse mail (and federal agencies screen similar reactions), the viewers should voice their opinion and make suggestions.

Secondly, NAB—although subsidized by the industry it purports to police—should put muscle into its splendid Television Code by promptly fining, suspending, or ousting subscribers who persist in breaking its rules.

Thirdly, why not revert to the original proposal of Congress and establish an advisory lay council to assist in lifting programing standards and allay constant fears of federal censorship?

A TV executive who has spent a lifetime in the broadcasting business advocates the latter suggestion and urges the NAB itself to take the initiative.

William Fay, vice-president of WROC-TV Rochester, said such a TV citizens' advisory council from the judiciary, clergy, industry, education, medi-

cine, and politics, has functioned successfully at the local level in his own area.

He found that council members understand "our business and are sympathetic and co-operative in our endeavor to do a creditable job." A comparable body at the national level, he declared, should be formed by the NAB.

Speaking at a San Francisco TV clinic, Fay posed these questions for broadcasters in attendance:

"Are we so anxious for a 'fast buck'



*The problem: TV in the family*

that our allocation of commercial content won't stand up to review by the Code Review Board?

"Are we vigilantly reviewing our professed avowal to deliver only broadcasts in good taste and decency? Or do we permit objectionable material to slide by through carelessness as a matter of expediency?"

Fay noted that effectiveness of NAB's Code is increasing. But he said, "many believe the industry pays mere lip service to the regulations and ignores them 'substantially' in practice."

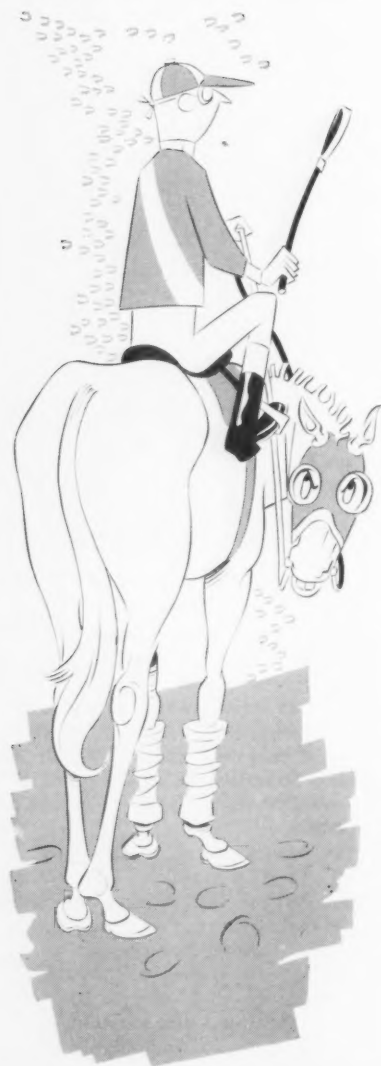
"We of the television industry," he said solemnly, "are stewards of one of history's greatest communications media. We have both an unparalleled opportunity and a deeply significant obligation . . . in our trusteeship."

He is so right.

# HORSE SENSE VS. MAN SENSE

by RED SMITH

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK EVERS



"Here am I, a Thoroughbred, descended from the mighty Sir Galahad III . . ."

It was a sweltering June morning at Hollywood Park, a gaudy cavalry post about ten miles as the Bentley rolls from Hollywood and Vine. A steed named Sure Roman was led from his stall and Frank Costa climbed aboard with instructions to work the horse as fast as he would run for five-sixteenths of a mile. The project did not enjoy Sure Roman's approval.

Plodding down the back stretch toward the five-sixteenth pole, Sure Roman let his gaze sweep the green and flowery infield where geese and swans cruised in cool contentment on a chain of man-made lakes. Chances are he mused in this vein:

"Here am I, a Thoroughbred descended from the mighty Sir Gallahad III with the royal blood of centuries pounding through my veins—and, boy, does it pound in this heat! In a minute that loafer up there on my neck is going to kick me in the ribs and start larruping my bustle with a whip while those crummy poultry take it easy out there on the water. They've even got a goose girl to take care of 'em, that toothsome blonde I see around here afternoons with the Dutch cap and shepherd's crook. And what was their family when my ancestors were making history? A lot of overripe eggs!"

With that, Sure Roman bucked, pitched his rider fifteen feet, jumped the infield fence, and went for a swim.

In the afternoon, 30,000 horse players bought their way through the gate, beat their burning feet upon asphalt lawns, scrambled, sweated, screamed, and squandered the rent money when they could have been at the beach cooling out like Sure Roman. Yet in spite of evidence like this, man clings to the fallacy that he is a superior being, smarter than the horse.

If after thirty years of professional attendance at sports events, one were asked to grade the participants according to intelligence and common sense, the lowest rung would be occupied either by the owners of major league baseball teams or the stuffed rabbit that gets chased by racing greyhounds. Fish would be somewhere near the middle, probably just above college presidents and just below college football coaches, and the horse would be close to the top.

Thanks to the late Joe H. Palmer, who told about Sands of Pleasure in his wonderful book, *This Was Racing*, it is possible to make a clear comparison between the judgment of a horse and that of placing judges, an extinct breed formerly employed to identify the winners at race tracks. Placing judges went the way of the dodo when the photo-finish camera was perfected.

Sands of Pleasure was a horse of moderate distinction that had won stakes in his time but was reduced by advancing years to running in claiming races. One day he came charging down to the finish head and head with a rival, and the judges ruled the other the winner by a lip.

Sands of Pleasure seldom bothered to read the numbers which the judges posted, and consequently he was taken by surprise when his jockey steered him to the outside rail to unsaddle instead of riding him into the winner's circle. He bucked, reared, kicked, and, probably, swore violently, for he was a descendant of the headstrong Fair Play line, which later produced such smashers as Man o' War and War Admiral.

His unruly deportment worried his trainer, for when a horse starts asserting his own will he's likely to discover that he's bigger and stronger than any jockey and doesn't have to stand for any foolishness. Trying in a humble human way to put himself in the horse's place and think like a horse, the trainer entered Sands of Pleasure in a field that was too good for him. Sands of Pleasure ran as well as he could, was beaten soundly and accepted the result philosophically.

"Aha!" said the trainer, and he pored over the condition book until he found a race which, he felt, would fit Sands of Pleasure like a glove.

"With any luck," he told the jockey, "you ought to win this. If you do, don't come into the winner's circle. Just pull over to the rail and unsaddle there."

Sands of Pleasure won handily and his jockey sought to obey instructions. Later the boy swore that, as he guided his mount toward the outside rail, the horse turned around and looked him sternly in the eye. At any rate, Sands of Plea-



Among humans, kissing enjoys high status; to horses, it's a lot of malarkey



**Sands of Pleasure was merely stating his low opinion of the placing judges—an opinion endorsed by every \$2 bettor who ever blew a deuce in a tight finish**

sure did take the bit in his teeth and walk resolutely into the winner's circle where he belonged.

The trainer crowed with delight. It wasn't his years that had made Sands of Pleasure so crotchety that day he was declared loser by a nose. He was merely stating his opinion of the placing judges—an opinion endorsed by every \$2 bettor who ever blew a deuce in a tight finish.

Then there was Elkrigde, the gallant old steeplechaser that raced ten years for Kent Miller and never put a foot wrong. He must have cleared 1,500 fences in his time, and the only fall of his life was no fault of his. Rising to a hedge at Laurel, he got a piece of brush under his saddle girth and this caught in a fence and threw him.

The Millers lived outside Camden, S. C., in a vast and spooky old farmhouse patterned after a drawing by Charles Addams. There were eight more or less permanent residents—Mr. and Mrs. Miller, their four children, a Great Dane named Buck, and Elkrigde. The horse and his inseparable pal, Buck, had quarters in the back yard, not because they wouldn't have been welcome in the house but because it was felt that Elkrigde, as the bread-winner, was entitled to his own digs.

Elkrigde wasn't a family pet, he was a member of the family with a voice in domestic councils. In 1950 when the horse was twelve years old, Kent Miller decided the old boy had earned an honorable discharge. Elkrigde was turned out in a paddock and his owner set about schooling a string of young jumpers.

Every time he saw the others going off to work, Elkrigde put up a holler, squealing, bucking, kicking. Ultimately his tantrums broke Miller down. Elkrigde went back to the races for two more seasons.

The Miller children rode Elkrigde when he wasn't in serious training, played with him, shared their confections with him. He doted on jelly doughnuts. To be sure, this does not denote unusual intelligence, for doughnuts and coffee have sustained creatures of the lower order such as sports writers, this being about the only fare a newspaperman can manage on his salary. What did reflect Elkrigde's good sense was his attitude toward kissing.

Elkrigde and his owner had a small comedy routine for the entertainment of visitors. "Kiss me," Miller would say, puckering up, and the horse would shove his muzzle up against the boss's face and fetch him a smack. Onlookers didn't know it was phoney.

Fact was, Miller would be holding a lump of sugar between his teeth and when Elkrigde bussed him it was to gratify a sweet tooth rather than a sweet passion. Among human recreations, kissing enjoys a fairly high status but horses are smart enough to know it's a lot of malarkey.

If Miller tried to pull a fast one and wheedle a smooch out of Elkrigde without the sugar to pay for it, he got exactly what he deserved. Elkrigde bit.

The aim here is to document the argument that horses are smarter than horse players. In evidence whereof, the case of Primer is cited. Primer was a beat-up plug that Horace Wade, now director of racing at Florida's Gulfstream Park, bought as a yearling for \$200.

Horace Wade is a gentleman of monumental integrity, but he would be the last to deny that sentiment colors his tales about Primer. He tells, for example, of a day in New England when the horse was 6 to 5 going to the post. As he paraded past the stands, Primer's attention was caught by the winking lights on the tote board. He stopped,

turned, and stood regarding the odds so gravely that a wave of laughter swept the crowd.

"I hope you like your price," somebody shouted.

Horace Wade takes his oath that Primer threw one disdainful glance toward the area whence that cry had come, then jogged on behind the field to the gate, and won by three lengths.

On the same authority, it is related that Primer used to exhibit his scars with the relish of a housewife talking about her appendectomy. His legs took a pounding for years; he had a bowed tendon, puffy angles, spongy knees.

Any time a visitor remarked on "his poor little leg," Primer would draw away from his feed tub, march to the door of his stall, and thrust his crooked foreleg out for inspection.

Primer seemed to enjoy racing but he detested morning works. He perfected a marvelous technique for confounding exercise boys. Pounding along at full stride, he would pull up sharply, wheel abruptly, and send his rider spinning through the dawn.

One morning he declared himself in even stronger terms. Passing the stable kitchen en route to the training track, he flopped down in the dust and lay still. Trainer, groom, and exercise boy hauled at his reins, chivvied and coaxed and cursed him. He refused to budge. When at long last the trainer flung up his hands and turned back to the barn, Primer scrambled up and followed.

There isn't a man among us who hasn't experienced the same surge of rebellion at the summons of the alarm clock, but what do we do? Lacking horse sense, we get up and go to work.



**In spite of the evidence, man clings to the fallacy that he's smarter than horses**

*Amy, my aunt, and I were at Odessa*

# THE BORROWED STATUE

"COULD I live with black walls, Dick?" Maureen leaned an elbow on the wallpaper book while her poodle trailed his leash around the paint shop and pricked his nose on the potted snake plant in the window.

Richard was sure Maureen could live with anything for a time.

"You wouldn't have to keep them black," he said patiently.

"Are you all right, Dick? You don't seem yourself."

"I'm fine," he told her. But he wasn't. It was the sort of warm spring morning that made New Yorkers rush out and buy paint the way other people buy seeds, and this was very good for business. Third Avenue was humming. He should have been pleased, but he felt a vast lack of interest in paint. It wasn't spring fever—it had been growing in him for a long time, this feeling of general dissatisfaction with himself and the world. No reason for it, that he could discover. He was twenty-four, in excellent health, financially sound, and exceedingly well looked after by his aunt who had come to stay with him two years ago, temporarily, while she decided what to do with her widowhood. She kept his apartment round the corner in Fifty-fifth Street as sleek as a seal.

Amy walked by on her way to Rossoff's meat market. She looked very gay this morning in her fresh white blouse and full green skirt. She waved and Richard waved back.

"Who is she?" Maureen demanded. She liked a man to give her his undivided attention.

"Amy Hemphill. Her father has the statuary and plaster shop in the next block."

"Oh, yes. That moldy little place with the heads. Surely they don't make a living out of that sort of thing?" Maureen took a deep breath, went through three wallpaper books, the poodle knocked over a tier of paint cans, and then she left, without deciding. After Maureen, there was a rush of cash customers.

At ten his Aunt Emma came in, looking very New England in her blue gingham house dress and sweater and carrying her shopping bag. She came

in every morning to water the snake plant and dust the bronze bust of Jefferson in the window.

"Lamb chops a dollar forty-five a pound," she muttered. "That Rossoff is out of his mind."

"In a very smart way," Richard agreed. "A madness that enables you to buy three buildings is a useful thing."

His aunt took her dust cloth from under the counter and went carefully over Mr. Jefferson. The bust was her idea. With the el down, Third Avenue was swarming with decorators, and she felt the paint store should have a certain air of quality. The bust had for years graced the window of his father's gallery on Fifty-seventh Street and marked the transition from art to more easily marketed commodities. Aunt Emma was all for a good sound income, but she liked to remind people that the family had certain traditions.

She went to the back of the shop to fill her watering can, and while she was there Amy returned, hesitated a moment, looking at the window, and then came in.

"Mr. Carey," Amy said, with her bright little smile that made you want to do something for her before she asked you, "Mr. Carey, could we ask a favor?"

*by Margaret Scherf*

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN FLOHERTY, JR.





because of

To his own surprise, he said: "Would you have dinner with me tonight?"

D



"Anything, Amy. What's on your mind?"

"A customer of my father's has taken a fancy to your head of Jefferson. He wants a cast of it for a lamp."

Aunt Emma came pumping to the front on her foam rubber soles, dripping water from the spout of the can. Amy grew nervous. "Good morning, Miss Hemphill," Aunt Emma said.

"You're welcome to the bust," Richard said quickly, taking it from the window. "Tell your father not to hurry." He put it in her arms.

"It won't take more than a couple of days, Mr. Carey. He'll be very careful. Thank you so much." Amy hurried out, not looking at Aunt Emma.

"What does she want with that bust?" Aunt Emma demanded.

"Her father's going to make a cast of it, for a lamp," he explained.

"You're very unwise," she said, spraying the snake plant. "Something will happen to that bust, you mark my words."

"Nothing will happen to it. If it helps old Hemphill to make a dollar, I'm glad to lend it." He didn't think Hemphill was doing very well. He was a sweet, kind old man, but impractical, and the plaster business was as whimsical as women's hats. People were using a lot of rococo plaques and brackets and urns, while old Hemphill clung to his heads of dead heroes.

His aunt looked at him closely. "Your teeth are showing stain, Richard," she said. "I'll make an appointment for you with Dr. Faber." She had formidable eyesight. She gathered her handbag and her shopping bag and went on to the apartment to resume her battle with the oil deposit on the windowsills and get his lunch. Richard would have preferred to eat in the shop—some *helpaese* on a hunk of good Italian bread from Frank's delicatessen next door, but his aunt said he needed a hot lunch.

Frank came in after she left. He rarely came in while she was there. "I see Miss Hemphill took your statue. I bet your aunt had something to say about that." Richard merely smiled. "I can't figure Miss Hemphill." Frank went on. "She could be out every night in the week. From what she says, I figure she never goes out. She doesn't want to leave the old man alone. Is that right, for a young girl? Why can't he look at TV?"

"It's her business," Richard said.

"Why don't you take her out?"

Richard scowled at him, and he grinned and went back to his groceries.

Aunt Emma didn't mention the bust the next day or the day after that. Amy walked by each morning on her way to Rossoff's and waved, and Richard waved back, and everything was normal.

The third day his aunt began. "I suppose they'll have that bust all summer."

"Give the old man a few days," Richard urged. "He's being extra careful. These things take time."

On the fourth day she was a trifle sharper. "You see, he's just going to forget all about it." On the fifth day, "You don't suppose he's sold your Jefferson to his customer?"

Richard was shocked. He reprimanded her.

A week went by. It seemed to Richard, and yet maybe he imagined it, that Amy passed his window more quickly in the mornings and that her wave was a little brisk, a little forced.

On the eighth day Aunt Emma stood in the open doorway, waiting. Amy came along, in a great hurry. "Just a minute," Aunt Emma put up a military hand. "We are wondering about the bust of Jefferson, Miss Hemphill. You haven't forgotten you borrowed it?"

"No indeed, Mrs. Hedges. But my father had so much work piled up, he couldn't do the casting until this week. I ought to have told you, but I didn't think it would matter—a day or two more. I hope we can return it tomorrow." Her smile was anxious. When she looked past his aunt to Richard, there was a worry in her blue-green eyes.

THE next morning he watched for Amy. If she came by before his aunt reached the shop, he would stop her and ask if there were something he could do. She did not come by at all. About eleven o'clock Frank came in. "What's with Miss Hemphill?" he asked.

"What do you mean?"

"She went around the block to get to Rossoff's. She didn't stop in my place either."

"Maybe they're unusually busy," Richard suggested.

"Are you kidding? That's not all. My wife saw her in Zabriskie's auction rooms."

"She was looking for something for a customer."

"For instance, what?"

Richard didn't know. Zabriskie kept things like King George's geranium pots, and china pincushions, and picture frames made of shells.

"She's got a problem. Why don't you take her out and find out what it is?"

Richard thought about it between customers. Maybe he would ask Amy for a date. She couldn't do any more than say no. He would have to tell Aunt Emma he wasn't coming home for dinner, and she would ask why.

At lunch his aunt asked if the bust had been returned.

"No," he admitted, looking into his soup plate.

"Dick, you know I don't interfere, but really you're too easy. People walk over you. You've got to have some backbone."

"Aunt Emma," he said, trying to have some backbone, "I won't be home to dinner tonight."

"I know. You're going to the dentist."

He could have said he was not going to the dentist, but he didn't. He felt a guilty relief that he didn't have to ask Amy and risk a refusal. The more he thought about it, the more he thought she would say no. She couldn't be more than nineteen or twenty. Why would she want to go out with an old man of twenty-four?

Dr. Faber's office was in Pelham, and he hated the trip, but his aunt was convinced no other dentist in the Metropolitan area knew anything at all about teeth. Richard came back to his apartment with a neatly filled molar and considerable weariness.

"If that young woman does not return the bust in the morning, I shall personally pay a visit to the Hemphill shop," Aunt Emma announced at ten-thirty before she retired to listen to "Tex and Jinx" in her bedroom.

"Let's not do anything hasty," he pleaded. "After all, it's only a piece of bronze."

By morning his courage had dwindled to a slight headache. Aunt Emma came to the shop early so as not to miss Amy. He dreaded the moment when they would meet, and he hoped Amy would go around the block again, as she had yesterday. By eleven he was sure she had done that. Aunt Emma hung around till eleven-thirty, dusting and rearranging, then she went home.

At five minutes before twelve, Amy came into the shop, carrying the bust and a gift package in ribbons. "You must have thought we'd never bring it back," she said, smiling and setting Jefferson on the counter. "I thought maybe you and Vic and George would like this."

He unwrapped the package and found a collection of barber shop songs. "That's awfully nice of you, Amy," he said, and then to his own surprise he added, "Would you have dinner with me tonight?"

She laughed, and her forehead was quite pink. "That would be very nice."

"I'll pick you up about seven."

She looked excited and light, as if she had a balloon on a string. Then her eyes caught the bust on the counter, and they were troubled. She said "Seven," and the balloon had escaped.

"Is anything bothering you, Amy?" he asked.

"No. I'll be ready, Mr. Carey."

"Richard," he corrected, and she went off.

As soon as he entered his apartment

he told his aunt that he was going out for dinner.

"Why don't you have Vic and George here?" she suggested. "The food one gets in restaurants—"

"Not Vic and George," he said. "I'm taking Amy out."

"Amy?"

"Miss Hemphill."

"Miss Hemphill." She made it sound like riding a wild boar up Fifth Avenue. "Well, I suppose you know what you're doing. Is this so you can ask about the bust?"

"No. It's back."

She tried to hide her disappointment. She really liked a battle. About three o'clock she stopped at the store, picked up the bust and examined it closely.

"Richard," she said, "bring me a nickel."

"What for?"

"It's obvious you haven't really looked at this bronze since they returned it. They've done something to the nose."

"You're imagining things," he said, coming over with the nickel.

"It's no more Jefferson's nose than yours is." Her indignation seemed to be mixed with enjoyment.

"Looks all right to me," Richard insisted.

"Don't pretend you can't see, dear. The nose has been broken off and an entirely new one substituted."

RELUCTANTLY he examined the head. It was true; there was an ill concealed joining, the new nose was shorter, blunter, more aggressive. "Funny," he said, not thinking it was funny at all. "What do you suppose happened?"

"That clumsy old man broke the nose and patched on another one. He must take you for a fool, thinking you'd never notice."

"I didn't notice," Richard said reasonably.

"He reckoned without your aunt. Didn't his daughter give any explanation?"

"No." He felt a little sick.

"I'll stop at Rossoff's, dear, and get you a chop," she said kindly. "Beatrice is coming to dinner, too."

"A chop?"

"Surely you don't want to take that girl out, under the circumstances?"

"I've already asked her."

"But she's deceived you."

"She'll explain it all tonight," he said quietly, wishing she would go away. He didn't want to hear her saying the very things he was thinking himself.

When he came home at six, his aunt's friend Beatrice was there. Aunt Emma had evidently told her the story of the bust, and she had a sneaking sympathy

for Richard and the Hemphills, but she was afraid of his aunt. So she said, "Have you noticed the way they are neglecting those trees on Third Avenue? They should be watered every morning, you know."

Aunt Emma came right to the point. "Are you still determined to go out with that young woman, Richard?"

He was not very determined, but he said yes and went into his room. He dressed without enthusiasm and changed his tie three times, finally settling on a bow.

"You do look sharp, Dick," Beatrice told him. "Any girl would be proud to be with you."

"This girl—" Aunt Emma began, but the phone rang, and Richard picked it up gratefully.

"Mr. Carey?" It was Amy, her voice sounding quite strained and unnatural. "Would you forgive me if I changed my mind about tonight?"

"Anything wrong, Amy?"

"I don't feel quite up to it."

Aunt Emma was watching and listening, a pot holder clenched in each hand. Beatrice hummed nervously and rattled the *World Telegram*.

"Has this anything to do with a certain bronze figure?"

"Yes," she said faintly. "You saw it then?"

"Not I. I never would have noticed."

"Your aunt. Oh, dear. She must think — You can see why I can't have dinner with you?"

"Frankly, I don't see the connection with eating."

Amy stuck to her decision, and he hung up.

"She had the decency to cancel the engagement?" Aunt Emma inquired. "I really wouldn't have expected it of her. Fortunately, I did get you a chop, dear. Now get into your comfortable clothes and relax. It's all over."

"What a shame," Beatrice dared to murmur. "You do look so nice, Dick."

Richard went into his room, pulled off the bow tie. He looked at himself. Suddenly he put the tie on again and picked up his hat. His aunt was laying his place at the table.

"Never mind," he said. "I'm going out."

"But Richard, you don't want to eat dinner all alone."

He left quickly. Coming out into the warm evening and walking slowly along Fifty-fifth Street toward Third, he was aware that he was afraid of his aunt. "Carey," he said aloud, "you're living the life of a widow of sixty-two." Aunt Emma's gentle, helpful tyranny had grown up around him innocently, like ivy, until he could scarcely raise an arm in an unaccustomed manner. He hadn't

known it, because until tonight he hadn't wanted to raise his arm.

He turned into Third Avenue, paused in front of Mr. Hemphill's window, displaying a small figure of Napoleon dying at St. Helena with a blanket over his knees, and then went up the dark stairs. He had to ring three times. When Amy opened the door, he saw she had been crying. He also saw that she was dressed to go out, in a cool, thin, black number.

"If you're going to cry," he said, coming in, "you'd better take off your best dress."

"Mr. Carey—Richard," she said, then she just looked at him, unable to find words.

"Get your lipstick. We're going out to dinner."

"You don't want to go, you're being kind, and I can't bear it."

"Amy," he said firmly. "I'm sick and tired having women tell me what I want and what I'm going to do. Where's your father?"

"Seeing a client. He has to repair a plaster figure." This brought fresh tears to her eyes. "He can't do the work any longer, Richard. He thinks he can, but he doesn't see well enough, and sometimes he breaks things."

"Like the nose," he said gently. "Sit down and tell me what happened."

SHE sank onto the walnut sofa, and he sat beside her. She was trembling, and he had to put his arm around her.

"He broke the nose, you could see that. He tried to construct another one, but even in his good days he was no sculptor. He happened to be casting Julius Caesar for a school, so he used his. I couldn't tell him it was all wrong, Richard. I just couldn't. I thought I could find a duplicate of your Jefferson, but I looked and looked—in all the good places, and then the auction rooms and the second hand stores, but I couldn't find one like it."

"But why didn't you tell me when you brought it back?"

She flushed, looking at her toes. "I thought you'd be angry with me, and I was afraid you'd scold my father. I hate people's feelings to be hurt. The fact is, Richard," she went on slowly, "I'm a terrible coward."

"Amy," he said, smoothing her thin, velvet eyebrow with his thumb. "I detest snake plant."

She looked up, surprised. "But you have it in your window. You take wonderful care of it."

"Aunt Emma takes wonderful care of it. Aunt Emma is very fond of snake plant." He was glad to see her smile. "Shall we cowards gather our courage and go face a couple of T-bones?"



## Big mind on a campus

The quality of the education any student receives depends as much on the minds with whom he comes in contact as on the books he reads. Catholic students on secular campuses have a particularly pressing need to rub minds with first-class Catholic thinkers. For nearly thirty-seven years, Dr. Jerome G. Kerwin has been filling that need at the University of Chicago. Typical of his approach is his "open window" policy. He explains: "I'm fortunate in having a first floor office with a back window. I find that, by keeping it open, it becomes an invitation to students to stop by for a casual or a serious chat."

Not all of Dr. Kerwin's influence is quite so informal. As Dean of Students in Social Science and as professor of political science, he has undoubtedly left his mark on thousands of students who have sought his counsel or heard him lecture. Early in his career at the university, too, he quietly organized a group for Catholic students on the campus which became formalized as The Calvert Club in the late thirties. And, beyond the campus, his influence has been felt through his constant appeals to Catholics to make a more mature contribution to political life.

## Foundations for friendship

For years, the Friendship House movement has been a vital Catholic force for interracial justice in the Harlems of big cities all over America. Today, the movement seeks to deepen and broaden this work and to place the main emphasis of its program on eliminating the causes of prejudice rather than on curing its symptoms. A leader in this effort is Mary Dolan (shown at right in photo with Delores Price, staff worker). Miss Dolan, who joined the Chicago Friendship House staff six years ago, sees the job of Friendship House as that of "building understanding between Negro and white people for the love of God. Through our paper, *Community*, and through lectures, forums, and research, we attempt to foster racial friendship. But the big challenge is the segregated neighborhood and the brutal human suffering it causes. This key problem we intend to attack with vigor." Armed with this program and plans for an expanded, professional staff, Friendship House faces challenging years ahead.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACQUES LOWE





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# STAGE AND SCREEN by JERRY COTTER

## Reviews in Brief

**COWBOY** is a striking, lusty, semidocumentary based on Frank Harris' *My Reminiscences as a Cowboy*. It is the story of a young hotel clerk whose ambition is to ride the cattle trail, which he pictures as a glamorous adventure. When his opportunity comes, reality is sobering, bitter, dirty, and danger-crammed. Riding the trail from El Paso to Wichita in 1870 entailed herculean efforts to stay alive and, more important, to deliver the long-horns to the Chicago stockyards. Harris discovered, to his dismay, that human life was expendable on the trail. It wasn't work for boys or experimenters, and by the time his first trip ended, Harris was neither. With only slight deference to the usual Western formula, this beautifully photographed, strongly acted study sketches the dangers and hardships of the cattle trail in graphic terms. Glenn Ford and Jack Lemmon are excellent as the veteran trail-driver and the newcomer, respectively. Brian Donlevy, Anna Kashfi, in the film's brief romantic interlude, Richard Jaeckel, Dick York, and Mexico's Victor Manuel Mendoza are also outstanding. This is realistic, adult fare, hard-bitten and adventurous, without a rustler, a mortgage, or a posse to mar the view. (Columbia)

**DARBY'S RANGERS** is a blend of action, humor, and wartime romance, fast-moving and hard-hitting. It revolves around the training and actual combat duties of the celebrated American commando unit. Backgrounds change from the Scottish training base, where the Yanks are instructed in guerrilla tactics by the British, to the beachheads of Sicily. In one, unforgettable sequence, an infiltration is depicted practically under the tracks of an advancing tank corps. In these moments and in the training scenes, the production is impressive, less so in the concentration on sex and the occasional slapstick bits which add little to the film's impact. James Garner (TV's *Maverick*) is convincing throughout as Major Darby, while a roster of lesser known players give him admirable support, in this adult action show. (Warner Bros.)

Those who have read the book say that Otto Preminger's screen version of Francoise Sagan's **BONJOUR TRISTESSE** is a faithful adaptation of the miniature novel. If so, this is scant praise for either. The movie is incredibly dull, badly acted, and saved from complete waste through the visual appeal of some sparkling Mediterranean backgrounds. The shallow Sagan story of a young girl's view of her father's amours achieves no new dimension or any moral growth in its screen transition. One wonders why Deborah Kerr and David Niven ever became involved, and Jean Seberg, the girl who didn't quite play *St. Joan* in her first movie venture, is equally adrift in this portrayal. (Columbia)

Graham Greene's provocative novel **THE QUIET AMERICAN** has been made into a slow-paced, talky movie which is limited in appeal to those who enjoy a literate, if not exactly lively, debate on international politics. Filmed in Viet Nam and Rome, the production does have authentic backgrounds and a few moments of action, and it is a thoughtful study of the clashing ideologies which have engulfed and confounded the Indo-Chinese. Audie Murphy has the title role,



Jack Lemmon, hotel clerk turned cowboy, meets Anna Kashfi on the trail in the semidocumentary "Cowboy"

as an American idealist out to convince the people of that strife-torn country that there is a third force between colonialism and communism. Greene's political conversation piece has been altered to give the American, or third force, position a better break, but this will still arouse considerable controversy among those who are interested enough to break through the barrier imposed by the production's own pedestrianism. Others are likely to rate it boring despite the importance of the issue. Murphy is an uninspired star, but Michael Redgrave is convincing as the British protagonist. The final evaluation of the muddled liberal and his guilt is especially impressive. (United Artists)

A nostalgic bit of Americana, **THE MISSOURI TRAVELER** is an opulent, yet placid, picture concerned with the problems of a boy reaching maturity in a turn-of-the-century Missouri town. Brandon deWilde is the principal figure, an orphan whose future becomes a community project as he attempts to maintain his independence. The drama is slight, but the local color, the humor, the mood, and the characterizations are all excellently realized. The photography is exceptionally beautiful, capturing the richness of the Missouri farm area with an almost idyllic quality. In addition to deWilde's very fine work, Gary Merrill, Paul Ford, Lee Marvin, and Ken Curtis contribute good characterizations. (Buena Vista)

Tommy Sands is a name to arouse cheers from the teen-agers and shudders from Army-bound Elvis Presley. In his first movie **SING, BOY, SING**, he reveals a pleasing personality, some acting ability, and the vocal equipment necessary to pass muster in the rock 'n roll division. To his credit, Sands has not found it necessary to utilize the more repulsive features of the Presley repertoire. Edmond O'Brien does a



Danny Kaye is a shy English teacher who becomes hopelessly entangled with a circus in "Merry Andrew"

splendid job as Sands' manager in this very slight story of a singer's rise to fame, and there are interesting bits by John McIntire, Josephine Hutchinson, and Regis Toomey. (20th Century-Fox)

**MERRY ANDREW** gives Danny Kaye one of his most interesting and happy assignments as a shy English teacher who becomes hopelessly and delightfully entangled in a circus. Based on Paul Gallico's story, it was tailored to fit Kaye's brand of clowning with several infectious musical sequences for added amusement. A bright, colorful, fun-packed fantasy with the always-reliable Big Top as background and a wondrous collection of aerialists, clowns, animal acts, and tight-rope artists for support, this is the sort of show that TV cannot duplicate. Widescreen, Technicolor, Pier Angeli, Robert Coote, and Baccaloni—in that order—make handsome contributions to a rousing good musical. (M-G-M)

**SPANISH AFFAIR** is interesting action fare played against a fascinating Iberian background. Co-starring Richard Kiley and Carmen Sevilla, the story moves along at a melodramatic clip and is acted with complete conviction by a large Spanish cast. However, the main attraction springs from the intriguing, often spectacular, scenery of modern Spain. The art treasures of the Prado vie with the rugged beauty of the terrain for top attention in this excellently produced, visually delightful import. It is recommended for the entire family. (Paramount)

**THE SAFE CRACKER** is a British-made comedy melodrama with Ray Milland in the title role as a locksmith who turns to larceny for the usual reasons. While he is serving his time in jail, World War II arrives and his special talents are required to secure a list of German spies from a safe in a



Carmen Sevilla and Richard Kiley co-star in the visually beautiful "Spanish Affair"

Belgian chateau. To get there, Milland must undergo training in the paratroop corps, drop behind the Nazi lines, and elude the enemy. Mission accomplished, he pauses long enough to pilfer a few enticing trinkets and meets disaster. Though basically an unsavory character, Milland plays the role with tongue-in-cheek and saves the story from unpleasantness. It is good, Hitchcock-type crime narration with undertones of farce. (M-G-M)

### The New Plays

**TWO FOR THE SEESAW** is a glibly penned, expertly acted, two-character charade in which movie player Anne Bancroft earns footlight stardom and Henry Fonda consolidates his own position. Playwright William Gibson has taken a simple plot device, and through superior writing ability and insight into human weakness develops it into an absorbing, though overlong, play. While the surface values are highly polished and the theatrical techniques of the first order, the play suffers from a modern *malaise* in ignoring moral issues. Furthermore, the dialogue is flecked with vulgarity and profanity, which is the more offensive for being uttered by the uninhibited young bohemian of the story. She and the man, a Nebraska lawyer fleeing from the problems of an unhappy marriage, each live in the lonely isolation of one-room Greenwich Village apartments. A chance phone call brings them together. For the remainder of the evening, this is the story of their romance, their quarrels, and the inevitable renunciation. As the girl from the Bronx who would be a ballet dancer, Miss Bancroft contributes a flamboyant portrayal, realistic, comic, and at times, explosive. Fonda's counterpoint performance is in his usual harried mood. For all its admitted artistic excellence and fine technical values, *Two for the Seesaw* is sadly deficient on moral grounds.

**SUMMER OF THE 17th DOLL** is an Australian play brought to Broadway by way of London with the original Down Under cast intact. Whether it was worth the effort is debatable, for this is undistinguished and confusing folk drama. To complicate matters further, the accents of the cast make most of the lines unintelligible. The acting is quite realistic, if somewhat frenzied, but the story is on the dull side. A rowdy tale of barmaids and sugarcane cutters, it is on the general level of our own third-rate summer stock offerings. There is nothing to recommend here, and we can only hope that Australia has more substantial drama to export in the future. This doll is dull indeed!



Ralph Bellamy as Franklin D. Roosevelt and Anne Seymour as Sara Delano Roosevelt in "Sunrise at Campobello"

**SUNRISE AT CAMPOBELLO** must be evaluated as a play and as a tribute to the courage and stamina of the late Franklin D. Roosevelt. Dore Schary, former production manager at MGM, is the author of the study of thirty-four months during which FDR fought the ravages of polio and the temptation to become a pampered semi-invalid. From this angle, the play is a heart-warming, even stirring, glimpse of the man's determination and the courageous spirit of his wife, who became in a sense his political torchbearer. Judged as drama, this is perilously slow in starting, coming alive only in the final moments of the second act. There is no suspense, for every viewer is well-informed on the outcome, and the principal attraction is therefore derived from the characterizations. In these the play is fortunate, for Ralph Bellamy portrays the late President with striking effect. In mannerism, speech, and jaunty air, his interpretation is perfect. So also is Mary Fickett, as Eleanor Roosevelt, unassuming but decided in her attitudes, unimpressive in appearance but a tower of strength to her husband. Anne Seymour, the dowager Mrs. Roosevelt hardly depicted in flattering terms. Mary Welch as 'Missy' LeHand, and especially Henry Jones, as the politically shrewd Louis Howe, are all splendid, while Alan Bunce in a brief scene as Al Smith creates a memorable characterization. Political issues and controversies which later swirled around FDR do not figure in this drama, but the man's grit and determination do provide an engrossing evening in the theater. In time it will no doubt also fare well in CinemaScope.

Pantomimist Marcel Marceau, who communicates more with the movement of a finger than most actors manage with a page of dialogue, has returned from his native France for a short American tour. Those who have seen the Marceau miming in the past will need no urging to return for this performance, which combines the best of his original production with some equally fascinating new numbers. Marceau has developed his art to a peak in his interpretation of the brave, battered, pathetic, and grotesque BIP, whose timid, wistful reactions to life are almost a symphony. Whether portraying a frantic rooster pecking for his supper, a man bucking a head wind, or his classic—Youth, Maturity, Old Age, and Death—Marceau is a master mime. His is a rare talent.

The old-fashioned musical comedy style is revived in **THE BODY BEAUTIFUL**, a rousing, entertaining show with nary a line of social significance nor a dream ballet sequence to interfere. Though it lacks originality, it does have enthusiasm and vigor, this being a story of the prize ring and the boys who give it their all. The score is sprightly, the players, Mindy Carson, Steve Forrest, Jack Warden, Lonnie Sartin *et al*, are attractive, and the net result is amusing, albeit unspectacular, musical comedy fare.

Tennessee Williams has packaged two of his short plays under the title **GARDEN DISTRICT** for off-Broadway presentation. In his usual lush phraseology and morbid frame of mind, the author probes the malignant ills of the decaying Southern aristocracy which fascinates him so greatly. His portraits are skillfully drawn, his philosophy nihilistic, his dramas vivid, but his preoccupation with hatred, revenge, and perversion is not worthy of his undeniably great talent.

#### Playguide

**FOR THE FAMILY:** *The Music Man*; Marcel Marceau: *Sunrise at Campobello*

(On Tour) *The Happiest Millionaire*

#### FOR ADULTS:

*My Fair Lady*; *Most Happy Fella*; *Time Remembered*; *The Rope Dancers*; *Romanoff and Juliet*; *Miss Isobel*; *Bells are Ringing*; *The Body Beautiful*

(On Tour) *The Diary of Anne Frank*; *No Time for Sergeants*

#### PARTLY

##### OBJECTIONABLE:

*Look Homeward, Angel*; *The Dark at the Top of the Stairs*; *Nude with Violin*; *L'il Abner*; *Jamaica*

(On Tour) *Damn Yankees*; *Separate Tables*

#### COMPLETELY

##### OBJECTIONABLE:

*Two for the Seesaw*; *Auntie Mame*; *Long Day's Journey into Night*; *West Side Story*; *New Girl in Town*; *Look Back in Anger*; *Fair Game*; *Compulsion*; *The Iceman Cometh*; *Garden District*; *Three-Penny Opera*; *Summer of the 17th Doll*; *Tunnel of Love*

(On Tour) *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*; *Waltz of the Toreadors*





## The Cult of the Body

by KILIAN McDONNELL, O.S.B.

WEARY OLD ECCLESIASTES spoke a profound truth when he said, "That which has happened once shall happen again; there can be nothing new, here under the sun. Never man calls a thing new, but it is something already known to the ages that went before us."

The evils of which we accuse our contemporaries are only old errors with new labels. Even the sins of men are repetitive. The patterns are as old as man. There is nothing new under the sun.

Sometimes we get oratorical and say: "Never in the history of mankind has civilization been so absorbed in the things of the body. Where are the noble ideals of former ages when the body was properly subordinated to the soul? The pagan Greeks rose above bodily concerns and bodily pleasures. Why must our generation give itself over to the ecstasy of the body, to the worship of physical beauty and health? How is it that we exalt youth to the point that all our values and interests are centered on a youthful body, the glory of the human animal? The ancients knew better. They had the body in correct perspective. And what of our passion for sports? Is not this a further manifestation that our thinking is dominated by the physical, the bodily? The young animal who can run the fastest is given a place of honor denied to the dedicated teacher who pursues things more spiritual. Would the ancients, even the pagans, ever have been guilty of such a reversal of values?"

Our respectable generation has indeed given itself to the cult of the body. But the exaggerated emphasis on the physical in man's nature is an old error. It all began when Adam and Eve saw the physical beauty of the apple and then became aware of their nakedness. And however noble the philosophy of the Greeks, there were periods in their history when the gymnasium was the center of Greek education. Here was worship of the body with all its evils: nudism, sportism, corrupt morals.

What is false in the cult of the body

is quite obviously false. The Christian conscience, if it has not been drugged into insensitivity by a pagan atmosphere, revolts against so enormous a crudity. *Physical* youth is a great good, but it is not the ultimate good. God Himself, as St. Thomas tells us, finds delight in the physical beauty of man—as He does in anything beautiful—but His delight in beauty of soul is far greater. The meaning of man is not exhausted by his prowess as a fullback. When the definition of life is thought of in terms of tennis balls, then the destiny of man reaches no further than the length of a tennis racket. If the beauty and strength of the body is man's first concern, it will also be his last. Then the passing of youth is the great tragedy, to be delayed, disguised, and denied at any cost. The first gray hair is the first herald of a grave which is in all truth a last resting place. The certainty of death is the certainty of despair. With the body dies hope. Eternity is a poetic fiction. So the body-worshippers reason.

Some errors are more dangerous because of the truth they contain than for what is obviously false in them. There is a strange, perverse rightness about the cult of the body which is so much a part of our twentieth-century culture and, more particularly, of our American way of life. There is something divine about the body, something that reaches out beyond and above time, something that protests death and decay as an assault upon what is most sacred, the profanation of a sanctuary.

Though the death of friends remind us that the body is of the earth and to the earth returns, we refuse to acknowledge that the body is only a thing of time. Our deepest instincts tell us that the body belongs also to eternity. And this time our instincts are right. The body has the stamp of the divine upon it. Its nobility endures beyond time. The body belongs to eternity.

Perhaps our reaction against the cult of the body and sportism—contempt for sports is not a virtue, nor is it a sign

of deep spirituality—has made us undervalue the place the body has in redemption. St. Paul, who is in little danger of being called a worshipper of the body, reminds us that the process whereby Christ redeemed us is intimately bound up with the body: "He (Christ) has reconciled you in His body of flesh."

Tertullian, one of the early Christian writers, goes so far as to call the body "the hinge of salvation." In baptism it is the body that is washed that the soul may be cleansed. In confirmation the flesh is anointed so that the soul may be strengthened. The body is given the Eucharist that the soul may be fed: "The flesh is the hinge of salvation. Therefore when the soul is bound to God, it is the flesh which makes possible that spiritual bond. That is, the flesh is washed that the soul may be purified. The flesh is anointed that the soul may be consecrated. The flesh is fed upon the Body and Blood of Christ that the soul may be nourished upon God." Tertullian ends by saying that the body will enjoy a reward in heaven together with the soul: "They cannot be separated in their reward which deeds have joined together."

This is not rhetoric. God saves what He assumed when He became man. The Word did not become a human soul. He did not merely take on the spirit of man. About this St. John is explicit to the point of paradox. He wrote, "The Word became flesh," with the emphasis on flesh. Christ became man, body and soul. What Christ came to save was man. Not man's soul, but man. Not merely what is most spiritual in man, but also what is most fleshy in man: his passions, his emotions, his tears, his physical joys. In a word, his body.

The Christian rejects the mysticism of body worship because it reverences the body too little rather than too much. Too little honor is shown the body if it is consigned to a grave and forgotten. Christ saves our bodies as well as our souls. He saves man. What Christ saves, He saves for eternity.


# **MESTROVIC**



**man  
and  
artist**

**a Sign essay  
in pictures and text**

**by Jacques Lowe and Dennis Howard**



**Mestrovic puts his own  
strength into his work as  
he works with mallet and  
chisel on statue of Mary**





# MESTROVIC

CONTINUED

*The genius of Ivan Mestrovic needs no praise. It speaks for itself in a life of artistic creation that finds few parallels in our day*

In a large studio on the campus of Notre Dame University, an old man can be seen at work with mallet and chisel and knife. On his head is a tattered beret, on his chin a beard, and in his hand a cigarette. Not far away sits a cup of coffee still steaming after being poured by one of the young men who have come to learn from Ivan Mestrovic, the world's greatest living sculptor.

Just beyond his private studio, his students talk quietly as they set up their stands and arrange their tools for the day's work. Shortly, the young woman who is to be their model arrives. When she is ready, a student enters Mestrovic's studio to tell him, "Professor, the model is ready." The master nods, finishes what he is doing, and comes out. He breaks the silence with a light remark and everyone begins working. He speaks little as he passes among his students, indicating a change here, moving in to make a correction on a figure there. When he has an instruction to pass on to the model, he rarely speaks to her. Instead, he tells a student: "Tell her to raise her left arm . . . Ask her to stand erect."

Thus begins a typical day for Ivan Mestrovic.

There is no need to say much about the genius of Mestrovic. For he has accomplished a rare achievement as an artist, gaining recognition as a master of classic stature in his own lifetime. Art critics compare him to Michelangelo. His own master, the great French sculptor Rodin, called him "the greatest phenomenon among sculptors." He was the first artist ever to be invited to hold an exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum in his own lifetime. He has been awarded the French Legion of Honor and countless other accolades. He needs no praise.

Yet what manner of man is this artistic giant?

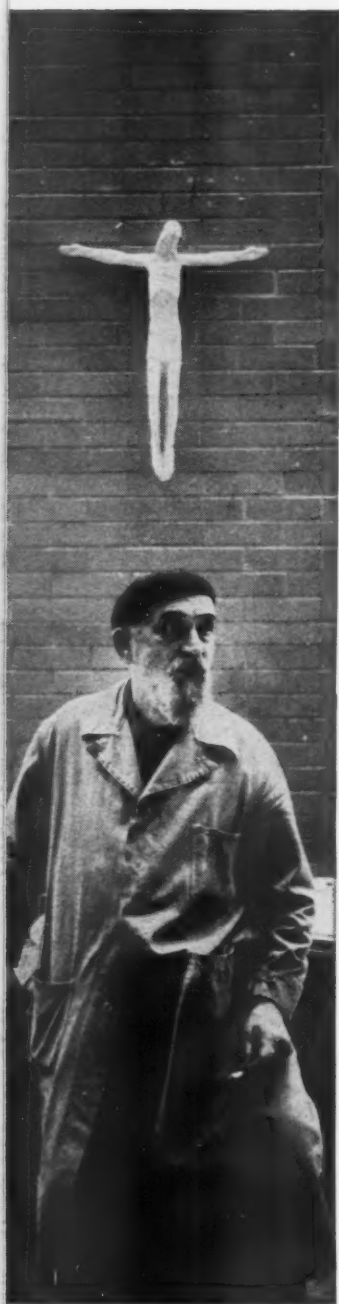
On first meeting, he appears to be a kindly man, but withdrawn. He speaks rarely, but when he does it is to tell a story or make a point that reflects his wisdom. When he works, he does so with the energy and restlessness of a much younger man. Fortified with cigarettes and coffee, which his students bring him without being asked, he will work at half a dozen pieces at once.

From his life and from the way he approaches his art, it would not be too much to conclude that Mestrovic is one of those rare artists who are born, not taught. When, as a youth of fifteen, he was apprenticed to a stonecarver in the small Croatian city of Split, he soon astonished everybody with his innate artistic instinct. Untrained, he did better work than experienced artists.

Then, at sixteen, Mestrovic set out for Vienna to seek admission at the Vienna University Academy of Fine Arts. For a year he tried to locate a patron who would sponsor him. Finally, he met a man who was interested. As a test, the patron gave him a small statue to copy. Mestrovic returned the next day with a copy so perfect that the patron could not tell it from the original.

As a student, Mestrovic proved to be brilliant, though his best work was produced not in the rigid atmosphere of the Academy but in his spare time. An exhibition of his work, held when he was eighteen, attracted wide attention in Vienna. Completing his studies, he set out for Paris at the age of twenty-four.

*(Continued on Page 46)*



*Ivan Mestrovic: his art speaks strongly for man*



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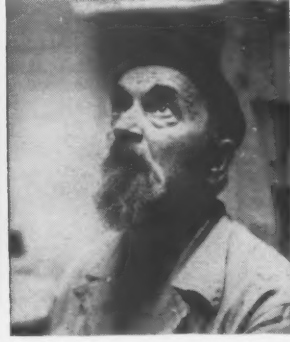
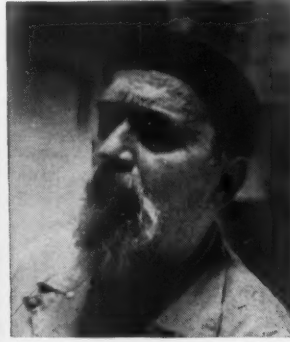
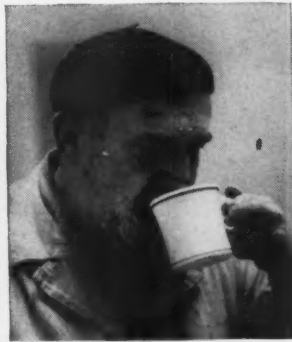
*A prolific sculptor,  
Mestrovic often works on  
several pieces at  
once without visible strain*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACQUES LOWE



*Carving a bas relief of Our Lady,  
Mestrovic moves quickly and surely*

*In his studio, Mestrovic works with the energy of a much younger man  
on half a dozen unfinished pieces at once, moving from one to another*



*A man of many moods, the artist alternately sparkles with a humorous story, nervously sips a cup of coffee,  
broods in deep meditation, or sits back to critically view his work. A life of creation is written in his face*

# MESTROVIC

CONTINUED

*To his students, Mestrovic is a master. They wait on his every need, listen to his every word, and share the rich fund of his experience*

Every great artist is surrounded by young men who come to him for his experience, his insight, and his example. At Notre Dame, young men come from all over the country and the world to learn from Mestrovic. Not all wish to emulate his style, but all do know that from Mestrovic they can receive something few other artists can teach them: a deep understanding of art and form. For with his intense loyalty to form, Mestrovic is the last living master of the human figure. His relationship with them is that of master and students. Working under his direction, they share the rich fund of his experience and insight. In return, they anticipate his every wish, much as sons would minister to a father.



*Twinkling, Mestrovic chats, above, with Father Lauck, C.S.C., who heads art department. Below, he makes a point to his students*



AT DAY'S END, MESTROVIC WALKS AMID THE ARTIST



*Passing among his students, the master corrects work as he goes*



*His students treat Mestrovic more as a father than as a teacher. They read letters for him, bring his cigarettes, see that his coffee is hot*



**AND THE ARTISTIC CLUTTER OF HIS STUDIO AS HE PREPARES TO LEAVE FOR HOME AND A QUIET EVENING WITH HIS WIFE, OLGA**



# MESTROVIC

CONTINUED

*Mestrovic's art is more than a creative outlet. It is a social and political and religious statement. Through it, he speaks for man*



MOSES



CARDINAL STEPINAC



THE PIETA

His two years in Paris were the beginning of Mestrovic's almost meteoric rise to international fame. He saw few people, spending almost all his time turning out a prodigious amount of work. The result was a whole series of sculptures based on religious and Serbo-Croatian peasant themes. An exhibition of this work caused a Paris sensation. News of it soon reached Vienna. At once, the Austro-Hungarian government invited him to hold an exhibition at the National Gallery. Mestrovic would have none of this; for he was thoroughly aware of the oppression his own people were suffering under Austro-Hungarian domination. Instead, he chose to show his work at Vienna's Secession Gallery. This act, plus the patriotic nature of many of his themes, made him a national hero in his homeland. When he returned home to Zagreb from Vienna, he was cheered wildly.

The years of World War I saw Mestrovic in Paris and London, working on his sculptures and helping to organize a committee for Yugoslav independence. The work of the committee proved successful and its efforts were largely responsible for the creation of an independent Yugoslavia after the war. Between the wars, he continued his work in Yugoslavia, avoiding politics, but remaining an outspoken citizen fearlessly voicing his views. This same fearlessness brought about his imprisonment by the Nazis when they took over Yugoslavia in 1942. While in jail, he made the sketches for his famous *Pieta*. He was finally freed in very poor health when the Vatican issued a special appeal for his release.

Though he is now an American citizen, Mestrovic's love for his homeland remains one of the keys to his character. Nevertheless, he refuses to return home as long as Yugoslavia remains in Communist hands. And this, despite repeated appeals from Tito to come back. He recalled the fate of one of Tito's emissaries, none other than Milovan Djilas, now in a Titoist jail for having written a book, *The New Class*, a shattering exposé of Communist bureaucracy.

"Poor Djilas! Poor Djilas," said Mestrovic. "When he came to see me, I asked him this question:

"'Djilas,' I said, 'have you ever read St. Paul?'

"He told me, 'No, but I've heard he was a very good writer.'

"I said, 'Oh, he's at least as good as Marx, maybe better.'

"'Well, if he's as good as Marx,' Djilas answered, 'then I really must try to read him.'

"I said, 'Yes, Djilas, you must. You really must.'"

As a man and as an artist, Mestrovic must be put down as an epic type. Rising from peasant sources, deeply principled and instinctively educated, he has become his people's symbol of freedom and their spokesman and defender. Recent history has done violence both to them and to him; but, in the long run, history is on their side. For his art has been more than a creative outlet; it has been a social and political and religious statement. Through it, Mestrovic speaks for man. And long after the oppressors have been forgotten, the art of Ivan Mestrovic will remain to speak for him.

DENNIS HOWARD



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**VOLUNTARY EXILES FROM YUGOSLAVIA, THE MESTROVICS LIVE MODESTLY IN SOUTH BEND SURROUNDED BY IVAN'S ART**

While truly appraising Soviet strength, it is important for us to be aware of their many weaknesses. Our weakness is their strength.

# CRACKS IN THE KREMLIN

BY ZSOLT ARADI

In a cave in the town of Lomza in Eastern Poland, there lives an old hermit. This white-bearded recluse—in Russian, called *staretz*—has become the most legendary figure in Western Russia. While few people have met him personally, yet those who know him see to it that his messages are carried to the remote corners of Russia. His fame has spread across the borders of Poland into Eastern Europe and the Ukraine. Many consider him a prophet of God. His most recent prophecy ran as follows:

"God is present everywhere. He is present in the Kremlin also. God and His angels sit in the Kremlin. And the day will come when God and His angels will confuse and confound the men in the Kremlin and they will no longer know what they are talking about."

Today, in Eastern Europe and Russia, there is widespread popular belief that this prophecy is in process of fulfillment.

In the free world, many consider this an overly optimistic view. They have been deeply impressed by a whole string of recent Soviet successes: the ever-narrowing gap between Soviet economic production and production in the U.S.A.; consolidation of political power in Eastern Europe; firm entrenchment of Soviet influence in the Middle East; the startling advance of Soviet science shown by Sputnik; the vigorous initiative displayed by the Soviets in their bid to lead world public opinion; and the increased impact they appear to be having on the hitherto neutralist nations of the Afro-Asian bloc. All these achieve-

ments argue an intensive co-operation between the varied agencies of the Soviet Government. The charge of confusion and disunity appears to be contradicted by this picture of a dynamic and unified political power.

No one can doubt these "successes." They appear all the more spectacular when we remember that after the savage repression of the Hungarian revolution in 1956, Soviet prestige, before the bar of world opinion, sank to its lowest ebb since 1917. Yet, for one who looks closely beneath these successes, there appear significant cracks in the Kremlin walls.

The very philosophy which forms and guides the leaders of the Kremlin breeds confusion. Marx insisted that philosophies are mere reflections of current economic systems. Change the economic system, he said, and you change the philosophy of the society sustained by the system. But economic systems keep changing. By his own logic, Marx wrote the obituary of his own philosophy. Today, Soviet leaders, forced to grapple with new industrial problems, alternately exalt blind loyalty to Marx-Leninist philosophy and damn blind adherence to Marxian principles.

A similar contradiction is built into the heart of the Soviet theory of progress. Men progress toward the earthly paradise, they insist, only by class conflict. So while they are ever trying to hypnotize their followers with the apocalyptic vision of world harmony, at the very same time they are ceaselessly initiating, stimulating, and fostering social conflicts by the worst forms of treachery

and brutality. They hammer the people at home into forced conformity. Abroad, they cannot tolerate harmony, for it destroys the catalyst of class conflict, so sorely needed for Soviet progress.

Their philosophic bankruptcy joined to forced conformity constantly begets antagonisms between workers and bureaucratic supervisors, scientists and the commissars. This internal conflict is dramatized by Djilas in his book *The New Class* and, in a lesser way, by Dudintsev in his book *Not By Bread Alone*. The uprisings in East Germany, in Poland, and in Hungary permitted the free world to gaze through some rather large chinks in the Iron Curtain.

Marx-Leninist philosophy produces power-mad men. They not only fight constantly for more power in the world; they also constantly fight among themselves. Their periodic purges within the Party leadership are proof of this disease. While the Party vigorously seeks to repress unfavorable freedom of expression from without, yet their code demands self-criticism from within. Thus the fight for power has always existed within the Party and is a constant feature at both the highest and lowest levels.

However, we should distinguish between Soviet operations in foreign affairs and Soviet operations on the home front. Underneath the group of constantly changing big bosses, there are the much more permanent strata of civil service. Communist chieftains may come and go; they may be jailed, banished, or hanged; but this army of bureaucratic civil servants still remains and is a major factor in assuring continuity of opera-



**Majestic fortress of stone, the Kremlin stands. But the walls are no stronger than the uneasy men behind them**

Erving Gallaway

tions which eventually lead to successes. This was particularly seen in the case of "Operation Sputnik."

It is also important to remember that revolutions in Russia have always been originated by the leaders of the country. Social reforms and political reforms have been introduced by the czars throughout Russian history. Very often these reforms were against the will of the people, but they had nothing to say about it. There is a vast difference between enduring a revolution and endorsing it. The technological successes of the Soviets in 1957, which were won at the cost of a great sacrifice of consumer goods, do not prove popular support of the Kremlin. Whatever be the validity of the hermit's prophecy, at least its rapid diffusion among the people shows that, despite Soviet successes, the people have sensed the *basic evil* of the Soviet system.

In Soviet Russia conflict periodically breaks out between the Party and the army, among the rulers of the Kremlin, between the rulers and the people, between the Kremlin and the Communist parties abroad.

The army has its trouble with the Party leaders. Stalin found it necessary to maintain a second army. It was a domestic army—a state within a state. It was variously known as the Tcheka, GPU, NKVD. It is now known as the MVD, the Political Police.

This organization was actually created by Lenin to crush sporadic anti-Bolshevik resistance. Stalin developed it into his personal army. It gave him a certain independence of the national

army. It insured his exclusive dictatorship. When he died, inside observers knew that the head of this army, Beria, would be eliminated. The secret police, MVD, continued—but *not as an independent power*.

The death of Beria gave the military new significance in Russia. Only those who enjoyed the favor of the military could remain in power. Stalin had shoved Marshal Zhukov aside. Zhukov now became the first military leader, even as Khrushchev became the political leader.

Recently, Marshal Zhukov was ousted, banned, and vilified. The world looked on in amazement. It was generally agreed that the Party had won over the military. But how? On what basis? The world was baffled.

The free world wondered whether the purging of Zhukov was a good or bad omen. Actually, the ouster had no significance for the free world. Zhukov and Khrushchev were good friends. They worked together. But according to Communist logic, this was the very reason why Zhukov had to go. The rest of the power-hungry leaders considered an alliance between the military hero and the shrewd political strategist as too dangerous. Khrushchev and Zhukov were too formidable a twosome to be tolerated. Zhukov had to be sacrificed. Not the Party but the *army* decided the removal of Zhukov.

There were seven Soviet marshals who sat around the table with Zhukov and Khrushchev when the ouster was voted. The vote was unanimous. A few days later, Marshal Koniev, another

wartime hero, published an article in *Pravda*. In this article, Koniev attempted to deprive Zhukov of his military glory by accusing him of having misled Stalin.

From all this it would be wrong to conclude that a struggle is raging between the army and the Party. This is not so. The generals and marshals are Communist trained. They may struggle over *leadership*, but the army knows it needs the Party for administrative purposes and the Party has no desire to revolt against its defender, the army.

But an important conclusion does emerge. It will always be a small group of men who decide policies in Soviet Russia. Revolutions and reforms in Russia always come *from above*.

But what about Khrushchev, successor to Stalin? It is important to remember that the Bolshevik Revolution started in 1917 with the immediate goal of setting the world aflame at once. The leaders of this revolution—in the first line, Trotsky—subordinated Russia's interests to the wider interests of "the world proletariat." Moscow's primary mission, as conceived by the revolutionaries, was to support the revolutions abroad.

Stalin radically reversed this policy when he came to power. It was a most important decision for the direction of the Bolshevik revolution. Stalin proclaimed that henceforth the revolutionary movements abroad must have as their primary function the support of the Soviet Union. He inaugurated and carried out with an iron fist the policy of "Russia first." This is important, to remember in seeking to understand the

devious dealings of the Kremlin with Communist parties outside Russia. World revolution, he claimed, could be accomplished only after Socialism (i.e., Communism) had been firmly established in the main country, Russia. Khrushchev and the current Kremlin leadership are still of the same opinion.

The more we look into Khrushchev's activities and watch his speeches, especially those which were not widely printed in Western presses, the more we recognize the inner contradictions of his regime. It is characterized by one overall designation: *The Big Lie*.

It is interesting to note that Nikita Khrushchev defends himself constantly. This is evident from his speeches. Three of these, unknown to the Western world, were published recently in *Kommunist*, official newspaper of the Communist Party.

In one, he confesses that he has opposition among leaders of the Soviet economy, among functionaries of the Communist Party, and among intellectuals and writers. Khrushchev tells the economists that they have no true idea of Marxism-Leninism. Then he tells another group of economists that they have no idea of the practical application of Marxism because they quote examples from Marx which, though "valid" when Marx wrote *Das Kapital*, are now outdated. Such people, snaps Khrushchev, are not theoreticians; they are parrots.

In another speech, he reverses the position he adopted at the Twentieth Soviet Congress and proceeds to justify Stalin, asserting that Stalin was a true Marxist-Leninist and a genuine revolutionary. He goes so far as to state that Stalin did many useful things for the country, the Party, and for the entire international proletariat. Then he suddenly corrects himself and says: "The activity of Stalin had two sides—a positive side which we have to value, uphold, and continue; and a negative side, which we have to criticize, condemn, and refuse to accept."

On the positive side, he insists that Stalin made Russia a Socialist country. On the negative side, he persecuted honorable party officials and was stubborn. Later, he adds another correction. He claims that Stalin was not entirely responsible for his negative side, having been influenced by such men as Beria, Malenkov, and Kaganovich.

In one of his speeches he flings—what is supposedly a sop to the Ukrainians—the charge that it was Kaganovich who was responsible for the "Russification of the Ukraine." Kaganovich is Jewish and a brother-in-law of Stalin. Anti-Semitism smolders in this charge.

Khrushchev continues to negate one statement by another. At the Twentieth

**ZSOLT ARADI**, Hungarian-born author, came to the U. S. after a successful career as Rome correspondent, writer, editor, and publisher. His books include *The Popes*, *The Book of Miracles*, etc. He also edited Cardinal Mindszenty's official papers for publication.

Congress, he denounced those who, for twenty years, praised Stalin. Now, in one of his speeches, he declares that those who made Stalin a hero in their books performed a good and praiseworthy service.

Khrushchev feels himself obliged to attack Stalin because Stalin had many enemies. On the other hand, he is not strong enough to maintain this position completely and so he thinks he must defend Stalin, because Stalin has equally as many followers. He attacks Marxist theoreticians and praises Marxism. He boasts of Soviet freedom and calls for Party criticism and at the same time he flays those who want freedom of the press. A free press would be deadly dangerous for the Bolshevik leaders of the army, and Khrushchev's political and

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**• In the only free election the people of Russia have enjoyed (1918), we remember that the Communist Party received an overwhelming defeat. All of the people of the free world look hopefully to the future—that the people of Russia will again have the opportunity to select freely their own government and official representatives.—Sen. William F. Knowland**  
 ~~~~~

even physical life hangs on the protection of the army. These three speeches of Khrushchev are a true mirror of the situation inside Soviet Russia.

Khrushchev is biased but certainly not squeamish in praising himself. He declares that he is "the only true disciple and follower of Lenin." He announces that he is working hard toward creation of "a new kind of Man and the complete reshaping of the world."

Both Marx and Lenin insisted that "Socialism" could be achieved only in a thoroughly industrialized country. Yet they also insisted that capitalist countries could not survive because industry in capitalist countries requires an army of "labor-reserve," i.e., masses of unemployed who were easily victimized by the "profit-hungry" employers.

The Soviet regime has industrialized Russia. In doing so, it also discovered that it needed a vast army of labor-reserve. But not having a free labor market, they supplied themselves by organizing slave labor camps. At one time more than twenty million people were held, to be used when and as the Soviets wished. These camps were in full operation till the execution of Beria. The

pressure on human nature was horrible. It generated tremendous discontent. The tension was so great that Khrushchev and the Party decided they must ease it at the famous de-Stalinization Congress. Many slave-camps were disbanded. This got the Soviet economy into fresh trouble.

Despite concentrated efforts, the last five-year plan had little success. To increase production, the Soviets needed five million new workers, otherwise they would have had to transfer five million workers from agriculture to industry. But lack of manpower in the agrarian sector made this contemplated move extremely difficult. Even now, production of meat, milk, and butter is not sufficient for Soviet needs. That is why Khrushchev speaks about the problem constantly and promises whatever he can.

To dominate the world, Soviet Russia has to be strong not only in technological preparedness, but also in mass production of offensive and defensive weapons. Stalin managed to keep the production of heavy industry—essentially war industry—at a high level while for more than two decades he fed the people merely with promises of a better life. Housing and consumer goods were increased only as heavy industry expanded. Spectacular roads, cities, canals were built, it is true. But the "better life" still lay far in the distance.

Today "the chips are down." The Soviet Union is, and will be, compelled to increase production of consumer goods. This demands a decrease of heavy industry and this would mean a decrease of war production.

This state of affairs displeases the Soviet marshals. With the help of the Government bureaucracy, it was the military who pressed for the creation of intercontinental ballistic missiles and the launching of Sputniks.

Soviet Russia now finds herself facing a domestic dilemma: more consumer goods or more weapons. Soviet leaders realize that a nuclear war would bring about their own destruction, regardless of the harm they could inflict on an enemy. Yet, some of the military can see only two alternatives: complete agreement with the United States or else an all-out war. They will be bound to seek some solution advantageous to themselves personally. In the West, when political or military leaders lose, they are not "liquidated." In Russia, it is different. The world waits to see whether they will continue to build personal power and let the people starve or will satisfy the needs of the people and lose their bid for world power.

At the Moscow Festival commemorat-  
 (Continued on page 77)



Nikolai Lenin, 1870-1924



Lazar Kaganovich, 1893-



Georgi Malenkov, 1901-



Joseph Stalin, 1879-1953



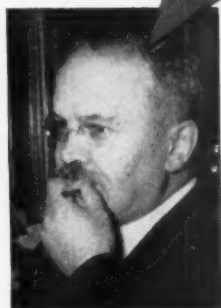
Lavrenti Beria, 1899-1953



Karl Marx, 1818-1883



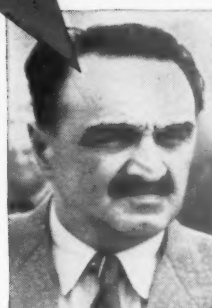
Nikita Khrushchev, 1894-



Vyacheslav Molotov, 1890-



Georgi Zhukov, 1894-



Anastas Mikoyan, 1895-

## THE SPUTNIKS SPUTTER BEFORE THEY BURN OUT

★MARX said Russians have to be stood up to, for they always tend to expand into an empire

★LENIN gave Russia subordinate role of supporting world proletarian revolution.

★STALIN reversed Lenin and called for world revolutionaries to support a mighty "Russia first" policy. Made MVD his personal army, a "state within a state"

★BERIA headed MVD. When executed, Russian army rose to new power, with Zhukov top man of the military

★ZHUKOV, demoted and disgraced by "friend" Khrushchev

★KAGANOVICH, ousted Jew, accused by Khrushchev of the "Russification of Ukraine," an anti-Semitic charge

★MOLOTOV and MALENKOV, current symbols of Party's constant feuding and purging.

★KHRUSHCHEV, chief zig-zagger, takes turns praising and damning Stalin. He claims he, himself, is only true Leninist and complains he has enemies among Party economists and writers.

★MIKOYAN spits: "This, for the will of the people!"



by

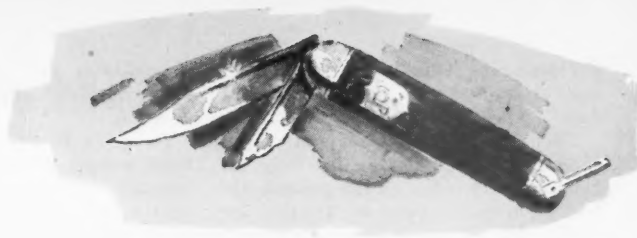
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# Our Packy



I spent a lot of time with Packy  
and learned many things from him. Then he decided to go away for awhile. No  
one misses him, probably, as much as I do

by ARTHUR J. ROTH

ILLUSTRATED BY DICK KOHFIELD

THE HOUSE seems awful quiet since our Packy went to America. Mommy says when I get out of school I can go visit him, but I've still four years more and Packy'll be an old man by then, or maybe even married.

I suppose nobody misses him more than me, except maybe Teesie the mare. When I'd come home from school I'd throw the books on the bed and Norah would scold and say I was looking a warm ear the way I treated schoolbooks and them costing half-a-crown apiece. Then I'd gulp a mug of buttermilk and a couple of slices of bread and go jouking out the door. Sometimes Mommy would see me and ask, "Where are you off to now?" And I'd tell her I had to help Packy with the ploughing or the sowing of the corn. And she'd shake her head and say, "Deed, I don't know how Packy gets anything done around the place without you."

Then I'd go scooting off through the fields to where Packy would be ploughing. Sometimes he let on he didn't see me and he'd be very quiet, talking away to the mare and not noticing me at all while he ploughed a few furrows. Then I'd say something to him and he'd give a start like he didn't know I was there at all and say, "Is

that you, Vincy? Sure I didn't see you at all." And I'd laugh and tell him I was there all the time.

And then he'd say to me, "The wee ones have got at you. They're making you invisible. That's twice this week I didn't see you coming into the field."

And I'd argue with him and tell him that the mare saw me, and he'd ask the mare and old Teesie would throw her head up and down a couple of times and the suds would fly from her mouth, and Packy would say, "See that? She's saying no. That's the way Teesie says no." But Teesie said no and yes the same way, so I don't see how he could tell.

He usually took a wee rest then and we'd walk up to the head of the field and I'd try to walk in his tracks but it was terrible hard, 'cause they were a long way apart and usually I fell behind after three or four steps and had to take an extra step to catch up and I'd pretend I hadn't taken it.

When we reached the hedge, Packy would sit down and pull out a packet of cigarettes and light one and lay back on the grass and look up at the sky. Then maybe he'd ask, "How many slaps did you get today?" And I'd tell him, and if I told him three or four he'd tell me, "You're a shocking blackguard!" But if I said I didn't get any at all, he'd say, "Sure you're no scholar. The best

scholars get the most slaps." He could be awful twisted sometimes.

He was forever pestering the heart out of me with questions. It was always, "What's the longest river in Ireland?" or "What's the capital of France?" or "Name the counties of Munster." And if I didn't know, he'd tell me and make me repeat the answer until I knew it.

Then we'd go back to work and I'd follow the mare, and any big stones she turned up I'd set them on top of the next furrow the way they could be gathered when the ploughing was done 'cause you can't grow anything in stones.

When the work was finished, he'd lift me on top of the mare and give me the reins and I'd ride Teesie back to the house. Sometimes Teesie would twist her head around and try to bite my foot but she couldn't reach it and I'd say to her, "Get along out of that, you bloody old scut!" But I always said it low, 'cause if Packy heard me he'd be angry at me saying "bloody," although I heard him say it himself many's the time.

I mind well the day I came home and went out to the well field where Packy was harrowing. He was terrible quiet that day and when we took our wee rest he turned to me and said, "Vincy, this country would grow years on a man." I said the sentence over and over 'cause sometimes I say things to the other boys that I hear from Packy. I could see my-

*When we reached the hedge, Packy would lie on the grass and look at the sky*

self saying to Timmie Murphy, "Timmie, this school would grow years on a man."

Then Packy reached out and caught a piece of dirt and crumbled it in his hands and let it fall to the ground. He said, "I'm going away to America for a wee while. I don't want you misbehaving while I'm gone." I began to think of America on the map in school, but the only thing I could remember was a long silver river with a shocking lot of "misses" to the name. I was afraid he was going to ask me the capital of America and me not knowing it.

He threw a clod at Teesie, who was too near the gap, and said, "I'll only be gone a few years. When I come back I'll buy a wee farm and you can come and help me work it. But you've got to mind your Mommy and do what Norah tells you." Norah's my sister but her and I were always falling out 'cause she told things on me in the house and many's the hiding I got over her carrying tales.

It wasn't long after that—the night we had the party for him. I set a record that night for staying up late. The latest I ever stayed up before was ten past twelve, the night that Teesie was foaling. But the night of Packy's party I stayed up until three. I kept watching the clock on the fireboard and sitting very quiet, hoping no one would notice me and tell me to go to bed. Oh, but there was great sport that night. All the neighbors came over to wish Packy luck and they sang and danced and the big room was redd away and Mommy and Norah served tea for everybody. Old Terry Loy gave me a three-penny bit and asked me how much I'd take for the brawny cow and I told him to ask Packy and he shook his head and said, "Everybody's leaving Ireland. It's the flight of the Wild Geese all over again." And I made up my mind to remember that for school the next day.

I mind I listened to Daddy and Terry Loy talking about how there wasn't a day's work to be had in the country and Daddy shaking his head and saying that a one-legged man could work the wee bit of land we had. And I thought that strange 'cause I don't see how a one-legged man could work the land. There was Tim-the-Bottle, he was a one-legged man, but all he ever did was gather bottles and I haven't seem him for a good while now. Maybe he's gone to America too.

Packy was dancing all the girls that night and they were telling him he'd come back in a few years, a grand Yankee with a gold watch and how he wouldn't give his old friends the time of day. Packy kept saying that America wouldn't change him at all. I wondered

if he'd bring me back a gold watch and I meant to ask him, but I forgot all about it.

It was a funny night, 'cause sometimes everybody would be talking and laughing at the same time and then the next minute everybody would be quiet as the grave. Once Mommy took into crying and her eyes were red for a long time and I saw her go out to the scullery and she didn't come back for a good wee while.

Norah kept saying to me, "It's time you were in your bed." But Packy would tell her to let me stay up another wee minute or two. Once she asked me what I was going to do now that Packy was leaving, and I told her that maybe of an odd Sunday I'd take the bus and go visit him. Then she put her arms around me and hugged me and said that I had her heart scalded but that she'd have to put up with me 'cause I was the only brother she had left now.

Packy kept dancing with one of the Groogan girls—the one that was always shocking nice to me, but I never liked her 'cause I don't see why Packy has to bother with women for. You'll never catch me after the women!

Once Packy left the kitchen and went out into the yard and I followed him out. I stood at the door for a minute until I could see, 'cause I didn't want to fall over the bicycles. It was a clear night with lashings of stars and I saw a shooting star and crossed myself 'cause that's a sign that somebody's died and that's their soul going to heaven.

I couldn't see Packy anywhere and I started to walk across the yard and then I saw that the byre door was open. I went into the byre and I saw him sitting on the milk stool with his head leaning against the brawny cow's side. I stood for a minute sniffing 'cause I like the smell of cows and then I asked him what he was doing. He told me, "I'm saying good-by to the brawny cow. She won't be here when I come back." Packy got along terrible well with the brawny cow and she liked him better than me 'cause he'd reared her from a calf.

But finally I had to go to bed. It was Norah as usual. She looked at the mantlepiece and said, "God in Heaven! It's three o'clock and that lad still up." They made me go to bed, but I was very awake and I lay for a while listening to them in the kitchen. I wondered when it came light and I made up my mind to stay awake 'cause Packy was leaving very early.

Packy and I slept in the same room and sometimes when he was coming to bed he'd shake me and ask if I said my prayers, and I always told him that I was saying them, even though sometimes I wasn't.

That morning he came in terrible early and woke me up and asked, "Did you say your prayers?"

I forgot I'd been sleeping so long and I told him, "I'm saying them." He took into laughing and he said that I'd surely be a priest some day the way I could pray all night.

I got up and I was shocking sleepy. I could hardly keep my eyes open. I put on my clothes in the kitchen 'cause it was warmer and when I was tying my boots I heard a car coming up the lane and I looked out the window. It was Bill Johnson come for Packy. He came in and Mommy made him a cup of tea and Packy kept telling Mommy he'd write once a month, and at the last minute he didn't have a handkerchief and Norah had to go and get him one.

We all went outside and stood in the yard a minute. Then Packy put his hand on my shoulder and told me to take care of Teesie and the brawny cow and not to be fighting with Norah all the time. I carried his suitcase to the car for him. Just before he got in he stood looking all around him like he'd lost something. Then he picked up a pebble from the ground and I looked around to see what he was going to throw it at, but he just rolled it between his fingers a couple of times and put it in his pocket.

He got in the car and Mommy and Daddy got in with him but Norah had to stay behind to see that I got off to school. Packy waved to me as the car drove down the lane and I ran a wee bit of the way after it and Packy kept waving to me but the car speeded up and left me behind. I felt shocking cross coming back to the house.

When I came back into the kitchen Norah put her arms around me and squeezed me so tight I could hardly breathe. Then she started crying and I cried too. I don't really cry anymore. I just cried that morning 'cause I didn't like to see Norah crying all alone.

Norah made me a cup of tea and a bowl of porridge and when I sat over to the table I saw Packy's knife where he'd forgot it. The little blade is broken but the big blade is good and Packy could shave the hair off his arm with it. I'm keeping the knife for him and every week I get the whetstone and sharpen the big blade but I can never get it as sharp as Packy.

The place seems awful quiet since Packy left. Sometimes I go out to the field where Daddy's working but it isn't the same 'cause Daddy doesn't pester me with questions and he never tells me I'm invisible. This country would grow years on a man. I don't even call the mare a bloody old scut anymore since our Packy left for America.



# RADIO AND TELEVISION

by JOHN LESTER



Jack Paar. All the bouquets in the world won't help if his show continues to be smothered by commercials

It was a matter of no little relief and pleasure to learn that the annual awards ceremony of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences will be streamlined, revised, and otherwise brought up to date this year.

The entire event, with hundreds of stars, will be seen and heard over NBC-TV and radio March 26 from 10:30 P.M. until 12:15 and, possibly, 12:30 A.M., NYT.

Drastic changes in the old set-up have been in order ever since the Academy brought its world-famous "Oscar" awards ceremony to TV some years ago.

As a major telecast, it always left something to be desired; as the most important film industry event of the year, it left a great deal more. And, naturally, what affects one affects the other.

Probably the main flaw—at least the one that rankled most with me—was its sponsorship by auto manufacturers and others entirely outside the film industry. This was incongruous, very bad for Hollywood's public relations, and caused needless interruptions in the mood and pace of what should be one of the top three TV programs every year.

I refer to all-around production-presentation quality, of course, which has nothing to do with the number of viewers involved, although the 55,000,000 who saw the 1957 "Oscar" awards deserved better than they got, just as the 70,000,000 (estimated by Academy President George Seaton) deserve the best possible this time around.

My point is, and always has been, that Hollywood should pay for its own awards ceremony on TV, its one, big event of the year, when it dresses up and, in effect, puts its best foot forward for favorable consideration by the American and world public.

## Money, Money

Hollywood, which is notoriously penny-wise and pound foolish, although there are notable individual exceptions,

resisted doing the obvious until now, and this was ridiculous, since lack of money never really entered into it. At any rate, the matter has been resolved by a plan under which all studios and individuals "participating in film profits will contribute one-quarter of one per cent of their share of domestic gross revenues toward" the Academy's annual TV ceremony and other Academy activities like the Film Museum.

This should come to about \$800,000 this year, of which about \$600,000 will go toward sponsoring the event on a network basis, with another (estimated) \$50,000 defraying the cost of "spots" on local stations to completely eliminate sponsor-conflicts.

## To Plug New Films

Time used in the past to "plug" hair oil, automobiles, etc., will be used to call attention to various new movies, which is as it should be, making the star-studded "Oscar" awards a truly institutional affair, which is as it should be, too.

This will have its effect in several ways, among them being the participation of many movie and TV personalities who've been barred in the past because of sponsor conflicts.

Clark Gable and Danny Kaye, both

of whom are being considered to emcee this year's ceremony, along with Bob Hope, are among the "big names" already committed to appear March 26 thanks to this new arrangement.

The number of awards has been reduced, too, especially the more technical ones, to speed up the proceedings and lessen chances of the boredom that plagued "Oscar" telecasts in the past.

All in all, these and other changes should make for a greatly improved program this year and in the future and, certainly, the Academy deserves much credit for seeing its mistakes and seriously trying to rectify them.

I think, too, this new attitude eventually will make itself felt in other directions and the TV Academy of Arts and Sciences probably will be first to follow the movie-makers' lead.

## Whither Jack Paar

Jack Paar's phenomenal success on NBC-TV's *Tonight* show, on ninety-four stations at the last count, an increase of twenty-eight in the past five months and the all-time high for the series, has astounded even his staunchest supporters at the network.

Naturally, they are more vociferous than ever in praising "their boy" and,

I might add, in identifying themselves with him, which was to be expected.

In partial recognition of what he has achieved through his personality and low-key, kindly comic style, they have prevailed on the network to change the name of the nightly variety strip to *The Jack Paar Show*.

This is a nice gesture that undoubtedly will serve several purposes but it's typical of TV thinking and doing at certain levels, in that a major service is ignored in the performance of a distinctly minor one.

It's like spraying with perfume a man who needs, and would much prefer, someone to attend his broken leg.

The fact is, Paar and his series are at the cross-roads because of being overloaded with commercials. They are practically smothering the very thing that attracted them in the first place. This is NBC's fault and while no one will deny the network's right to regain its original investment and put the show on a paying basis, no one can accept the stupidity involved in greedily trying to do this overnight as it were.

This is taking a hatchet to the goose responsible for the elliptical nugget, for sure, and unless something drastic is done in a hurry, all the bouquets in the world won't do Paar any good.

### Things To Come

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., plans to produce tele-film series based on *The Gaucho* and *Bulldog Drummond* stories this year. Scripting already is under way on both. . . . The pilot film for *Maisie*, probably starring Barbara Nichols, will roll soon. This will be the fourth MGM-TV series. . . . *Dear George* will be based on Hannibal Coons' popular *Collier's* Magazine stories, concerning the adventures of a girl press-agent in Hollywood. . . . And a new filmed series tentatively titled *Tales From Hollywood* is also in the works. . . . It looks as if Danny Kaye finally decided to take the TV plunge on a regular basis. *Lifeline*, the series idea he prefers at the moment, would deal with his work as roving ambassador for the United Nations' Children's Fund.

Ghost and "spirit world" subjects may be the next TV trend, although it's a bit early to say. Still, in addition to Martha (Press Conference) Rountree's projected *Haunted House* series, about three dozen others are in various stages of preparation, largely because of the interest stimulated by the *Ghostly American Legends* feature that appeared in *Life* some months ago. Producer Byron Foy is preparing a series titled *One Step Beyond* that Boris Karloff will host, and Marvin Miller, of *The Millionaire*, is readying a "ghost" series called *The*

*Narrow Ledge*. *Ghosts I Have Known* is another show of this kind now under way, and Ronald Colman, no less, has been asked to host still another.

TV's first serious space-age program, an Air Force series titled *Flight*, will debut soon. Producer Al Simon says it will concern itself with everything that flies, from the "'Jennys' of World War I to the flying saucers" of tomorrow. . . . *The Fat Man* may turn up as a weekly, hour-long show on NBC-TV next season.

### The Mail Bag

D.D., Newark, N. J.: As far as I know, Robert Montgomery has no plans for TV, regular or otherwise, at the moment. He recently announced that he'd return to Hollywood (he's been away ten years) to film the life of Admiral Bill Halsey, starring Jimmy Cagney. Glad you liked the *Omnibus* presentation of *The Life of Samuel Johnson*, with Peter Ustinov as the celebrated lexicographer. I understand public and critical reaction was so favorable it may be tailored for Broadway.

M.F., Chicago, Ill.: I hope you were able to catch the *Rome Eternal* series on NBC-TV because it most certainly was shown. You say the Jan. 5 program, which you were unable to locate in your TV log, wasn't the first mentioned by me "that failed to show up on my Chicago screen." I'm sure it wasn't, and I'm also sure it won't be the last. There are many reasons for this, among them the fact that program managers in various cities simply decide not to run certain shows that are run elsewhere, which is their right. Also, some programs, reported here in good faith as being "in the works," just fail to materialize, but that's no fault of mine.

C.O.M., Dallas, Tex.: Burr Tillstrom wanted to star "Kukla," "Fran," "Ollie," and all the other "Kuklapolitans" in a Broadway show after they were dropped by ABC-TV but temporarily abandoned the idea. The latest in that direction is the whole "gang" may be reunited for TV, and Burr is now considering several interesting offers. As for Marlin Perkins' fine *Zoo Parade* series, NBC still has thousands of feet of superb color film and definitely will show it, possibly in three or four hour-long special programs. No date has been set, though. Forgive me if it takes a little time to check on your other questions.

### East Vs. West

As soon as *Studio One* announced it would move from New York to Hollywood, which it recently accomplished, the same, tired, old rumors swept through the TV industry, leaving panic

Loretta Young plans to expand her TV activities by returning "One Man's Family," longtime radio-TV favorite. Casting is now going on



and uncertainty in their wake in the East, the golden dream of increased activity and prestige in the West.

In the main, this can be traced to the keen competitive spirit that has existed between East and West in all things for many years, as well as to the strong feeling of community-consciousness of the people in both areas. Basically, this is wholesome, good, and even necessary to health and progress, although it can be carried to ridiculous extremes.

Both New York and Hollywood critics are wrong, for example, when they praise or blame a program according to its point of origin—this is done frequently—since location seldom influences program quality one way or the other.

Frankly, I don't think the viewing public could care less about where any given show comes from, although it is deeply concerned with the larger issue involved: the improvement of all shows.

As for TV "migrating" en masse to Hollywood or anywhere else, I don't think there's a chance, for whatever my opinion may be worth. It is moving in several directions at the moment and will continue to do so simply because it is in the process of "finding itself." However, when it matures and settles down, its very nature will dictate originations wherever something of interest can be found, with New York, Hollywood, Chicago, and other large cities getting their share of exposure because of their concentrations of talent and population.

In short, in the final analysis the matter will depend far more on mathematics than on community pride and similar things.

### In Brief

Milton Berle is ready for another hour-long TV series and is conferring with NBC brass about that very thing as you read this. He'll also make a movie. . . . Arthur Godfrey's planning to revise his *Talent Scouts* series any

edition, one probability being the addition of a viewers' poll to select contestants for a huge annual show like that held for years by the *Original Amateur Hour*. . . . Soviet Russia due to launch color TV on a few of its thirty stations some time this year. . . . Jon Lindbergh, a former Navy frogman and son of the famed "Lucky Lindy," is technical adviser on another adventure series, *The Sea Hunt*. . . . Incidentally, there are about 300,000 color sets in the U. S. at the moment. The price is the main reason they're still selling slowly. . . . Add hearts and flowers and congratulations note: The Andy (Jingles) Devines recently marked their twenty-fourth anniversary, the Pinky Lees their twenty-fifth.

Word's around that most major cigarette companies will soon come out with new brand names and exploit them big on TV. . . . Walt Disney's gross TV earnings during the last fiscal year were \$8,810,571 and he'll double that by 1960, if not before. . . . Ed Sullivan's ulcers are acting up again and the columnist-eece may have to undergo surgery. . . . Julius La Rosa to be one of the stars in a Columbia Pictures feature, *The Big City Rock*, which will be filmed in New York. . . . The Irish Government will set up its own TV network in the near future, patterning it after American TV. Sponsors, of course. . . . Art Carney continues to turn down bids to star in his own series. Smart man. . . . Sponsor of the \$64,000 *Challenge* denies

it will be discontinued. . . . *Playhouse 90* brass deny a repeat of *The Helen Morgan Story*, with Polly Bergen, has been scheduled, want the singer to star in another show for them. . . . Arlene Francis may do a night-time strip for NBC-TV when her daytimer is dropped, which will be soon. Low ratings are the reason.

Wayne King, retired these past five years, is planning an immediate return to show business via a half-hour, weekly musical. ABC-TV signed the maestro as soon as word got around. . . . Mutual will buy as many FM radio stations as FCC regulations allow. . . . Intimates of Bing Crosby say he'll launch his own TV series this year. Der Bingle has been against regular TV from the beginning, but his reception on the recent Edsel show changed his mind. . . . While on the always interesting subject of the Crosbys, let's venture a prediction: Young Kathy, Bing's niece, is one of the most promising of the new crop of youngsters on TV and is a virtual cinch for stardom. She's lovely, talented, and well liked everywhere. . . . *Peter Pan*, with Mary Martin, is tentatively slated to show again on NBC-TV April 27. . . . *The Mariners*, formerly with Arthur Godfrey, went into a slump when CBS had The Redhead release them and stayed there. But a hit-record, recently released, seemed to turn the tide. Title is *I Heard Ya The First Time*. . . . Word is Arch Oboler, once one of radio's out-

standing scripters, is working on several TV dramas.

Gloria Vanderbilt makes a serious bid for TV stardom on *Kraft* March 5 in an original play titled *Dog in the Bush-Tunnel*. She won't say a word throughout the hour. . . . Just for the record: TV quizzers passed out over \$9,000,000 during 1957, with the \$64,000 *Question's* \$7,000,000 leading the way in cash, *Truth or Consequences* \$1,560,000 leading the way in merchandise. . . . Grid great Elroy (Crazy Legs) Hirsch replaced Rev. Bob Richards, the Olympic champ, on *76 Sports Club* on ABC-TV (twenty-two stations only) when the latter found he couldn't keep up with his church work and do TV, too. . . . Ralph Edwards writes he has a very ambitious plan buzzing around in his brain these days. He wants to do a musical-spectacular version, ninety minutes or more, based on *This Is Your Life*. The subject, who would have to know in advance, would be a big music-maker like Cole Porter, Richard Rodgers, Oscar Hammerstein, Irving Berlin, etc. Sounds wonderful. . . . The decision to originate some of its biggest shows in Cuba has resulted in complications for NBC-TV. The American Guild of Variety Artists (AGVA) informed the web that all American performers who appear on American TV shows there must be covered by a \$300,000 life insurance policy, to be paid for by the employer, because of dangers inherent in the current political "unrest."

**IN NEW SERIES**—Lloyd Bridges stars as ex-Navy frogman in "Sea Hunt." Skin-diver for hire, he undertakes daring deep-sea adventures



**JEANNIE AGAIN**—British star Jeannie Carson (right), whose "Hey, Jeannie!" series sank in TV channels despite top ratings, is working on new idea, soon in production

**REUNION TIME**—Sid Caesar, Imogene Coca, and Carl Reiner (left) prepare for skit on their new ABC-TV comedy series



**DUNNE DOES IT**—Steve Dunne explains "consequence" on new TV version of famed stunt-and-fun show



by Aloysius McDonough, C.P.

# THE SIGNPOST

## Right or Wrong

*On the occasion of a dinner for a prominent citizen, held on a day of fast and abstinence, our pastor dispensed his parishioners from the abstinence. A neighboring pastor did not dispense his parishioners. They were disgruntled, we were embarrassed, and some non-Catholics had a "field day" over our laxity.—J. G., PLANTSVILLE, CONN.*

According to Church Law, not only bishops but also pastors, on occasion and for a sufficient reason, may dispense individual parishioners and families from the fast or abstinence or both. (Canon 1245) A bishop may dispense the entire diocese. A dispensation is the legitimate relaxation of a law in a special case and can be granted by the lawmaker himself, by his successor or superior, and by anyone to whom the authority to dispense may have been delegated. However, it does not follow that, because an official may grant a dispensation, he is obliged to do so. Then, too, we should expect that, in forming a judgment as to whether or not there be a sufficient reason to grant a dispensation, some officials will be liberal, others conservative.

In the case outlined above, both pastors were within their rights—the one in granting the dispensation, the other in declining to do so. The difference of decision does not imply that one or the other pastor was wrong. The parishioners who were constrained to eat fish were subjected to a minor inconvenience, but not to a hardship. However, a twofold comment seems to be in order. For the avoidance of misunderstanding on the part of Catholics and non-Catholics especially, it would have been better to dispense all Catholics or none. Furthermore, to eliminate any danger of disedification or scandal, it is well to notify all present as to the dispensation. This could be taken care of by the toastmaster or by another speaker.



## March 17

*Why is St. Patrick's Day celebrated in America?—D.S., NEPTUNE CITY, N. J.*

You are not of Irish ancestry. But even those who are should have a balanced notion as to the popularity of St. Patrick's Day celebrations in any part of the world. First of all there are in this country many who are Irish-born, very many of Irish descent. And St. Patrick is the Apostle of Ireland. To know the story of his miraculous apostolate, to realize the faith of the Irish under persecution, as well as their missionary and cultural contribution to the Church, is ample reason for spiritual enthusiasm. Such is the basic reason for the popularity of St. Patrick's Day.

After six years as a captive slave in the north of Ireland, Patrick escaped to the continent where, eighteen years later, he was consecrated a bishop and then missioned to Ireland. For thirty years, he pioneered the conversion of that country, until his death in 461. Especially through the establishment of monasteries, Patrick and his disciples bequeathed to posterity a heritage of culture which was to be channeled by Irish

missionaries to Scotland and many countries of continental Europe. The well-known reference to Ireland as "the land of saints and scholars" keynotes the universal popularity of St. Patrick's Day.

## Retreats for Couples

*Where in the USA are the retreat houses where a married couple can make a retreat together?—M.B., DAYTON, OHIO.*

We know of two such retreat houses in this part of the country. For information as to the same spiritual opportunity in a location more convenient to you, we suggest that you write to St. Joseph's Retreat House, Middletown, N. Y., or to Our Lady of Peace Retreat House, Newton, N. J.

## Hysterectomy

*a) Is there a board or court of some kind, dealing with marriage problems, located in or near Newark? b) Is hysterectomy ever allowed by the Church?—A.L., BELLVILLE, N. J.*

a) There is a matrimonial board in every Catholic diocese, located in the cathedral city—in the Archdiocese of Newark at 31 Mulberry St., Newark 2.

b) Hysterectomy or the removal of the uterus is forbidden whenever the uterus is healthy. It is permissible when the uterus is actually and seriously diseased and when no other remedy is possible. Cancer would be a typical instance. During the course of a pregnancy, a ruptured uterus, indicated by hemorrhage and shock, might justify a hysterectomy. But whenever a pregnancy is involved, proper timing is of the utmost importance, especially if the fetus be nearing the point of viability—capability of existence outside the womb. As a safeguard against any operation which is not permissible morally, consult a Catholic physician—whether he is to be the operating surgeon or not. Any physician may avail himself of the guidance—sound scientifically as well as religiously—of the Code of the Catholic Hospital Association of the United States and Canada, St. Louis 4, Mo.

## Catholic President

*Am shocked at part of Senator Kennedy's reply as to whether Church or State would have a prior claim upon his loyalties, were he to become President. I refer to an article in the November issue of "Redbook."—S.O., DETROIT, MICH.*

You refer to the article, "Senator Kennedy's Crisis," authored by Andre Fontaine. The gentleman from Massachusetts is quoted in part, as follows: "I can't think of any issue where such a conflict might arise. But suppose it did—nobody in my Church gives me orders. It doesn't work that way. I've been in the Congress for ten years and it has never happened. People are afraid that Catholics take orders from a higher organization. They don't. Or, at least, I don't. Besides, I can't act as a private individual does; my responsibility is to my constituents and to the Constitution. So if it came to a conflict between the two, and not just a personal



moral issue, I am bound to act for the interests of the many."

We are not shocked, because the formulation of the Senator's reply is too vague to merit unqualified approval or disapproval. We do disapprove its obscurity. It seems to savor of braggadocio, or "whistling in the dark," or at least an untidy expression of thought—perhaps a medley of all three. Taking words at their face value, no Catholic theologian could approve the reply as representative of the Catholic conscience. Civic affairs are not devoid of morality. Since the maintenance of morality is one of the basic reasons for the existence of a church, morality is the legitimate concern of every man's church. As a politician or statesman, no man can divest himself of his conscience. Be it Jewish, Protestant, or Catholic, that conscience must be his guide in public as well as in private life. A man's conscience is the nation's guaranty as to his patriotic loyalty. No man who does not consider himself eternally answerable to God can be relied upon by his fellow men.

American Jews, Protestants, and Catholics have different religious convictions as to faith, morals, and worship. But despite their differences of religious conviction, all three groups have contributed excellent statesmen to the American way of life. The Catholic contribution dates back to the birth of our country, as acknowledged by President Washington: "I presume that your fellow citizens of all denominations will not forget the patriotic part which you took in the accomplishment of our Revolution and the establishment of our government." The only form of government to which the Catholic Church is opposed is Communism, and for the obvious reason that Communism is atheistic. In civic affairs, the Church dictates nothing but justice. If the demands of a country be unreasonable, such demands are not patriotic but are, rather, detrimental to the true and best interests of the commonwealth. To a rabid mob, Stephen Decatur's "My country—right or wrong" may sound patriotic. To an American who acknowledges the motto "In God we trust," Stephen Decatur's slogan is immoral.

According to the Bill of Rights, "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." In voting for nominees, in voting nominees into office, Americans who take their cue from the Bill of Rights cannot, logically, bar any candidate on the score of his religion. If, according to the lights of conscience, a Catholic President were to veto this or that item of legislation, any such law could still be enacted by an over-riding vote. It would be impossible for the President to "Catholicize" the country, for the Church to dictate to the State.

We might list under the caption "Strange but True" the fact that, by and large and regardless of political party affiliation, non-Catholics do not object strenuously or successfully to Catholic mayors, governors, senators, cabinet members, supreme court justices, or ambassadors. The fact is strange because, at the mere mention of a Catholic nominee for the vice-presidency or the presidency, non-Catholics of the POAU type develop a bad case of jitters—a symptom of fear as to the Church-State, divided loyalty of a "Papist." We consider Senator Kennedy an outstanding junior statesman and a sound Catholic. But we hope that any future manifesto of his Church-State platform will not be belogged. Regardless of the outcome, all Americans respect a "profile in courage."

#### Book Dep't.

Where can I obtain a copy of the book you recommended—*Rebuilding a Lost Faith*, by Stoddard?—D. S., FAYETTEVILLE, N. Y.

You can order any book, whether recommended in "Sign Post" or otherwise, upon application to the Book Department of THE SIGN. If more convenient, phone or write to

your nearest Catholic book store. If what you want is not in stock, it will be ordered for you.

#### "Dog Heaven"?

*I don't remember whether it was in your column or in another Catholic magazine, but I told co-workers I had read that dogs go to heaven.*—M. R., ANSONIA, CONN.

Not even the Sputnik heroine. Any publication in which you may have read that dogs are immortal and go to heaven was neither Catholic nor scientific. For that matter, a cabbage has a soul—a vegetative soul which perishes with the vegetable. So too, the animal soul—the principle of an animal's animation—perishes with the animal's body. Heaven is a place of reward and a state of happiness, enjoyable and attainable only by souls that are immortal, intelligently free and capable of moral responsibility. We are animals—but rational animals, because our souls are spiritual and immortal. To anyone who appreciates human dignity, whereby man is but "a little less than the angels," there is no worse insult than to weave into his genealogy any reference to the canine world.

#### "Wheels Within Wheels"

*Am a Catholic—my husband a Protestant. He was previously married to a Protestant girl who had been previously married to a man whose religion we cannot trace. We can't seem to rectify our marriage within the Church. My husband insists on being baptized. Should he go to another church?*—F. Y., LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

Since your present marriage is invalid, and even though it might prove possible to validate it, now is the time to ponder and decide as to whether you should "get out from under." If your legal husband is convinced that he should be a Catholic, then he should not go to another church, but should be baptized as a Catholic, regardless of the consequences in connection with his present invalid marriage. In tracing the first husband of your legal husband's first wife, you might receive help from the missing persons' bureau. In figuring that the validity of their marriage depends necessarily upon whether the first husband was a Catholic or Protestant, you have lost track of several loose ends. Until your information is complete and reliable, there can be no definite word beyond "if." We recommend that you submit the case to the matrimonial board of your archdiocese. Apply for an appointment at 1531 West 9th St., Los Angeles.

#### Footproof

*As you well know, one of the Church's most difficult doctrines, from the viewpoint of us non-Catholics, is that of papal infallibility. Who decides whether or not a given question comes within the scope of "faith and morals"?*—R. B., JERSEY CITY, N. J.



We wish that space permitted a full quotation of your lengthy letter, which evidences an unusually thorough grasp of many facets of Catholic teaching and belief apropos of papal infallibility. The gist of your confusion and difficulty is this—unconsciously, you forget that the infallibility delegated by Christ to St. Peter and to his successors is a divine prerogative or grace. Therefore, it is foolproof; it is not susceptible to human blundering. One of the worst possible blunders would be if the Vicar of Christ were to attempt to define as a divinely revealed truth an item which did not come within the scope of faith or morals. In the very nature of the case, a human

instrument of divine guidance must know the extent and limits of his own competence.

In one section of your letter, you have answered your own question. "Since the determination of whether or not a given question is a 'matter of faith or morals' is itself a matter of faith or morals, the determination logically lies with the Pope." But it is most illogical for you to fear that, therefore, the Pope could (attempt to) pronounce infallibly on all questions. As you admit, the question is theoretical rather than practical. Theoretically speaking, if a Pope were to attempt such an unwarranted definition, we would not be obliged to accept it. Catholics know that. Hence, we are not intellectually nervous—either practically or even theoretically.

### **How Sure?**

*Should Mother Seton or Cardinal Newman be canonized, how sure would we be that the Church did not make even an unintentional mistake?*—D. H., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

We would be infallibly sure. The Founder of Christianity delegated to or shared with His Church His own capability as an infallible teacher. Without this foolproof endowment, no church could preserve intact the heritage of what Christ revealed as to faith, morals, and worship. The countless contradictions and hopeless deterioration of non-Catholic Christianity exemplify this fact.

To be successful, the infallibility with which Christ equipped His Church has to include two classes of items. Directly, it has to embrace whatever Christ revealed, whether explicitly or implicitly; indirectly, it must extend to whatever is so closely tied in with revelation that, even though indirectly, revelation itself would be endangered without such an extension of infallible guidance.

A typical example is the canonization of saints. If the Church could not infallibly discern virtue from vice, a sinful person could be upheld as a model of virtue and—in ratio to his popularity—would mislead many other souls along the lines of faith or morals or worship. And there is hardly anything more subtle and misleading than pseudo virtue. "Beware of (those) who come to you in the clothing of sheep." (Matt. 7:15) It is no mere rhetoric when St. Thomas Aquinas says that, for all practical purposes, the veneration we give to the saints is a profession of the faith we share with them. If you need further assurance as to the reliability of a canonization, you should recall that prior to that official recognition by the Church, Divine Providence accomplishes two miracles as a unique endorsement. Hence, from the angles of our veneration and imitation, canonized saints are infallibly safe.

### **Church Militant**

*According to the teachings of Christ, we should "turn the other cheek." (Luke 6:29) But the Catholic Church has asked its members to fight indecent literature and Communism. Are the Jehovah Witnesses anti-Catholic? ("Sign Post," Dec. 1957) I have requested my pastor that my name be stricken from the membership list of the Church. No man or organization in this world is infallible nor can we justify the Church in fighting.*—J.M., BRIELLE, N. J.

We have reason to suspect that you have been "taken in" by JW anti-Catholic propaganda. For your own sake, it is a pity you have decided to secede from the Church. Now that you have decided to interpret divine revelation for yourself, why not begin with the warning of St. Peter? "In all (the) epistles . . . in which are certain things hard to be understood, which the unlearned and unstable wrest, as they do also the other scriptures, to their own destruction." (1 Peter 3:16) To offset the vagaries of private interpretation, to

which St. Peter refers, we need nothing less than infallible guidance. Without that guidance, without the Church as a divinely commissioned ruler and source of sanctification, you will no longer be able to boast with the Apostle: "I so fight not as one beating the air." (1 Cor. 9:26) Nor, in the day of your summons, can you boast: "I have fought a good fight." (2 Tim. 4:7) When meekness is called for, we should "turn the other cheek." When resistance or even aggression is timely, we should remember that the gentle Christ whipped the racketeers out of the temple. We belong to the Church Militant. "Put you on the armor of God . . . that you may be able to resist, taking the shield of faith and the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit." (Ephesians 6:11-17) No—you have not annoyed us. But we hope that, by March 17, you will have recovered your loyalty as a spiritual son of St. Patrick.

### **"Green Light"—or "Red"**

*The boys in the office have a problem. Should we attend the wedding or reception of a renegade Catholic who is to marry a non-Catholic in a non-Catholic church?*—P. M., NEW YORK, N. Y.

No. His marriage to a non-Catholic, without a dispensation and outside the Church, is bad enough. To marry her before a non-Catholic clergyman is worse. Only a Catholic priest has jurisdiction over the marriage of a Catholic. What should be a sacrament is a mere civil contract. And God help any children who may depend upon a renegade father! Attendance at such a wedding or reception or the bestowal of gifts would be a sign of approval. As the British would say, "Send him to Coventry!" Although the Church's excommunication may not deter him, social ostracism may. (We assume that you have tried, diplomatically, to dissuade him betimes.)

### **Be Fair!**

*I dreamed of committing sins against the Sixth Commandment. When awake, was not sure whether it was a case of dream or reality. Am still confused. In confession, I accused myself of those sins.*—A.D., WALPOLE, MASS.

Had it been a case of reality and not a mere dream, you would not have been confused and doubtful. Be fair to yourself—do not accuse yourself of sins unless you are sure of having committed them. At most, any such item should be mentioned as doubtful—not as certain.

### **"Heat Lightning"**

*a) When asked by my confessor whether my outbursts of ill will toward others are serious, I reply that I do not really mean them. But I do not indicate what I actually say about others. Are my confessions dishonest? b) Did the Lord punish Absalom by turning him black?*—M. B., CLEVELAND, OHIO.

a) In your spells of temper, you say of others: "I wish you were dead!" Or, more considerately: "I wish you were in heaven!" It is in your favor that you have kept your thoughts to yourself. The decisive factor is that you never mean what you say to yourself. Hence, your confessions have not been dishonest. But if you do not control your flashes of "heat lightning," you may lapse into a habit of bitter ill will.

b) We have no reason to think that Absalom turned black, even when he hung suspended from the oak tree. Even if he did, he was assassinated there and then, so he could not have originated the negroid race. (2 Kings 18:9-15)





*After church on Sunday, the Dufours stop to talk with pastor, Rev. Francois Nadeau, O.M.I.*

## FRENCH CANADIAN FAMILY

**With pride in their conservative family virtues, the Dufour family of Maniwaki, Quebec, live out their lives in the traditional manner of French Canadian farmers**

**by ANTHONY J. WRIGHT**

MANIWAKI, named for an Indian reserve of 700 Algonquins, lies ninety miles north of Ottawa in the valley of the Gatineau River, rolling country robbed of much of its wood by loggers dead these fifty years.

The town is affluent, the fresh tang of farming and forests in its nostrils. Quebec lumbermen glide round its wide streets in new cars with fin-tails. It is a summer haunt of American tourists, a base for hunters, fishers, and those who loaf at cottages beside northern lakes.

Half a mile down the gravel road out

of town, I found the farm of Mr. Zephirin Dufour. Trustworthy friends had recommended the Dufours as a French Canadian rural family to visit and write about.

Zephirin is a spare, sharp-eyed man of fifty-seven with a twinkle in his glance. He walks leanly, his legs supple, and smokes heavily. There is a firm French clarity about his face and mind. He believes in essentials. He has two boys and three girls and said he'd be glad to show me farm and family.

Yvonne, Zephirin's wife, an easy-man-

nered person with dark hair, quick eyes, and fresh complexion, is the live-wire, but not the boss, in the Dufour house. They married in 1937 when he was a scaler for a pulp and paper company. She was one of fifteen children. We talked in the large, well-lit kitchen.

"I get up at five," she told me, "wake Zephirin, Rejean, and Charles-Robert, put porridge and coffee on the stove and set the breakfast table. Then I do chores with the others."

"Chores? Doesn't anyone have a cup of coffee?"

"No. I milk two of the cows by hand for the kitchen. Zephirin and the boys milk the twenty-one other cows by machine—it takes them quite a time. They have to clean and disinfect the machine between cows, put the milk cans in the cooler, and clean up the barn."

At seven she wakes Eveline, Françoise, and Pierrette, sixteen, fourteen, and twelve. The two younger girls do some homework before breakfast at about 8 o'clock. The menu is toast, eggs, and bacon, after porridge and tea or coffee. Afterward Mr. Dufour drives the girls to the convent school in town in his 1952 Chevrolet.

"Now, why wouldn't a farmer's girls walk to school?" I twitted. Zephirin explained he had to pick up the mail anyway and perhaps visit the Co-operative through which he sells his milk.

"They walk both ways at lunch and back at night—that keeps 'em beautiful."

He had a point. Françoise is a blossoming youngster, looks older than fourteen. She uses no make-up, harbors a slender attachment to local boys. She likes crocheting and studies French, English, mathematics, geography, and domestic science.

She may not be the belle for long. Pierrette, the youngest, is a bonny girl with brown eyes and ready smile. She goes to school with Françoise and cordially hates lessons. Eveline, sixteen, a pretty girl with wavy black hair, suffers from a chronic illness but still manages to be a second mother at home.

Zephirin and his two boys, Rejean, nineteen, and Charles-Robert, seventeen, are dairy farmers par excellence. Their Holsteins are splendid beasts. One of them, Millie de la Presentation, a purebred cow, gives at least 12,000

**ANTHONY J. WRIGHT**, overseas member of the British Institute of Journalists, represents the Worcester (Mass.) Telegram and the English Birmingham Post in the Canadian Parliamentary Press Gallery.

pounds of milk (4 per cent butterfat) a year. Last year her yield reached 16,000 pounds, a thousand below the Canadian record. There are three other purebred females in the stalls.

Zephirin is a capitalist—his capital being animals and land brought to something by brain and hand. His business, with Rejean and Charles-Robert who see all the accounts, is selling milk and wood—mostly milk. His word goes, but suggestions flow in from the boys.

Rejean, a toughly built, frank boy with a classical education, has two six-month courses at agricultural college behind him. He looks at farming as a rough-and-ready scientist of the soil. Handsome with the brown eyes of the French Canadian and rosy-checked assurance of the countryman, he hopes for big things from the farm. He is secretary of the Maniwaki branch of the Union of Catholic Farmers, a social and professional club binding Christianity and the soil closer together.

Charles-Robert still has to go to the agricultural college at Ste. Martine. He likes to work with horses. Rejean is a tractor man.

Their home is a large two-storied house, four bedrooms above, fine sitting-room, kitchen, with larder, and bathroom leading off it, and basement underneath.

I asked Zephirin how much he owed on the house.

"Owe? I built it myself with my father-in-law and a brother-in-law. The only things that we had to buy on time

were necessities like the tractors."

Zephirin would not tell me what he earned, but his daily sales of 600 pounds of milk (60 gallons) at \$4.35 per 100 and eight dozen eggs at 40 cents a dozen should bring in about \$10,000 a year at my reckoning. Sales of wood might fetch another \$2,800. His costs would be hard for a layman to measure. He feeds and clothes a thriving family well, pays no wages except to two hired men in the warm weather. Rejean and Charles-Robert receive all they need, with a little spending money to make life sweeter.

How about movies, meals out, and drinks?

Zephirin laughed. "Last year," he said, "Rejean went to his first movie in Montreal; he later said he wished he'd stayed home instead."

Françoise said her friends come to the house for fun.

"But what do they do?"

"Singing and dancing," said Mrs. Dufour. "We play French-Canadian reek on the radiogram or Françoise plays the piano. Sometimes there are 30 friends and relatives in the house."

The parents don't want television, but the boys would like it for boxing matches, wrestling, and hockey games.

In the fall they hunt deer on the farm, in summer they fish for trout or pike and swim, every Sunday, at a cottage at Trout Lake, fourteen miles away. In winter they listen to hockey games on the radio after cutting wood from nine A.M. to four P.M.

Zephirin waved a bottle of Cointreau in the air and handed out little glasses to all except Charles-Robert. He is a member of the Lacordaire Society and pledged not to drink. Sipping the



**M. Dufour brings down a tree on one of his 300 acres**

*Sunday dinner at the Dufours is a family affair with usually a guest or two invited to share the meal*







*Dufour boys help run farm. Here, they load manure-spreader*

liqueur, the farmer inveighed against lax cocktail bars and said Catholic Quebec set a poor example compared to the strictness of non-Catholic Ontario, its neighbor.

They have no use for rock and roll or Elvis Presley. In fact, they hardly know he exists.

It dawned on me that the family spirit I'd heard much of among French Canadians is no false withdrawal behind barricades. The Dufours enjoy it, breathe it like the air. Anything else would suffocate them.

Like the Chinese, they revere their forebears. As soon as he could, Zephirin spent \$150 to have his family tree traced. He is a descendant of Blessed Marguerite Bourgeois, (1620-1700), saintly pioneer teacher in Montreal. He cherishes his genealogical record as though it were a new car.

They receive Holy Communion together at Sunday Mass, sometimes go to daily Mass in Lent, say the Rosary together at night and the Angelus during

the day. They seem to be French Canada at its best, perhaps more prosperous now than some but it is prosperity founded on toil.

Zephirin is a man with views. Last year he came within 1600 votes (out of 19,000 cast) of winning the provincial election for his county. He'll probably run again. He and the family think Canada is doing well but believe she should process more of her raw materials here instead of selling them to the United States.

Yvonne bore her five children at home. "It's more natural," she says. Each New Year's Day she kneels before Grandfather Richard who says "I pray God to bless you and all your family." Zephirin's children similarly ask his blessing. His father-in-law, father of fifteen, snorts at this. He thinks five is a mighty poor brood, hardly giving a man the right to bless at New Year's. Zephirin takes it in good part. He thinks his family, like his Holsteins, are good stock.

*While visiting nephew watches, Mrs. Dufour takes bread from oven*



*Pierrette gives little cousin a ride on a six-day-old Holstein*



*Francoise, fourteen, often helps her brothers by driving tractor*



*Proud of his forebears, M. Dufour had his genealogy traced. He explains it to his father-in-law*

# BOOK REVIEWS

## APPROACH TO PENANCE

By Dom Hubert Van Zeller.  
Sheed & Ward. 104 pages. \$2.50

Quite significantly, Hubert Van Zeller dedicates this book to the nuns at three convents of the Poor Clares. Franciscan joy, which is the offspring of evangelical simplicity, is an ideal traveling companion for a genuine spirit of penance. Without joy, penance might be able to produce a pharisee, a stoic, or a prig; but it cannot produce a saint.

Then too, as the Poor Clares again bear witness, true penance must be marked by hiddenness, good order, and serenity of soul; it must have those strong fibers of patience and perseverance which make it a sturdy pursuit of God and not merely a whimsical dramatizing of self. Glunness, showing-off, haphazardness, forced jocularity, and cringing diffidence are all giveaway signs of a foreign gospel intruding itself. Such things take the heart out of Christian penance, because they lose sight of a Christ who was crucified in the service of love and has risen unto a life of cosmic victory.

Genuine penance, like truly filial prayer, is a real need of the human heart once it discovers love. Surrender to the demands of love is the one irreplaceable element in the soul's pursuit of God. Hence the best approach to penance is to have that flexibility of soul which makes one ready to surrender quietly to the unpredictable manifestations of God's Will in one's regard.

Dom Van Zeller describes the most menacing pitfall confronting the Christian penitent when he writes with a bit of whimsy: "Most of our mistakes in the matter of penance are caused by a tendency on our part to tell God what sacrifices He would like best. We give Him these things and then are surprised to find that He has been asking for altogether different sacrifices. We have not been listening to what He has said; we are so sure that we knew what He ought to want. Then He has come to us, ready to take, and we have no longer been in the mood to give."

When the author writes about the practice of penance, its effects, and its harmony with higher virtues, we know



Dom Hubert Van Zeller

that this is not a handbook for some bizarre group of modern flagellants; this little book is simply tracing out the way of the cross inseparable from our baptismal vocation; it is a stirring appeal to accept the whole gospel of Christ, our Peace.

Unfortunately, in one sentence on page fifteen the author nods momentarily and uses the murky and misleading phrase "the penance of Christ." Christ had no virtue of penance. It would be better to speak of His "sacrificial love."

AUGUSTINE PAUL HENNESSY, C.P.

*As a special service to SIGN readers, we begin in this issue a survey of best-selling new publications of Catholic books. Survey is based on the monthly returns of co-operating bookstores.*

## SIGN SURVEY

OF BEST-SELLING BOOKS

Reported by leading Catholic Book Stores Across the Nation

**YOU.** By M. Raymond, O.C.S.O. \$4.00. Bruce

**THEOLOGY FOR BEGINNERS.** By Frank J. Sheed. \$3.00. Sheed & Ward

**PRAYER IN PRACTICE.** By Romano Guardini. \$3.50. Pantheon

**THE DAY CHRIST DIED.** By Jim Bishop. \$3.95. Harper

**LIVE IN THE HOLY SPIRIT.** By Bruno Hagspiel, S.V.D. \$3.50. Bruce

**THE GOLDEN DOOR.** By Katherine Burton. \$3.75. Kenedy

**GLORIOUS FOLLY.** By Louis de Wohl. \$3.95. Lippincott

**CROWN OF GLORY.** By Hatch & Walshe. \$4.95. Hawthorn

**INNER SEARCH.** By Hubert Van Zeller. \$3.00. Sheed & Ward

**MERCY UNTO THOUSANDS.** By Sister M. Bertrand Degnan, R.S.M. \$6.00. Newman

## YOU

By Rev. M. Raymond, O.C.S.O.  
Bruce. 301 pages. \$4.50

Reading this book is a bit like finding yourself in a room walled with mirrors. From its chapters come some fifteen reflections of your real self, as seen from the vantage point of Catholic doctrines, especially the doctrine of the Mystical Body. From this perspective "you" are a marvelous being.

You are one sent by God to give Him a unique glory. Raised from the death of Adam's sin, you are alive in Christ. Living in and through Christ means that you can think the thoughts of Christ, choose with His freedom, and stand straight with His strength, even in the face of such a great mystery as pain.

By Baptism, Christ commissions you to offer His Mass; by Confirmation to spread its effect; by Marriage to extend His Mystical Body. And if "you" are single, God has special plans. In all things you have beside you the Mother of Christ—Mary.

"You" are a most remarkable being, as Trappist Fr. Raymond sees you. His vision is doctrinally substantial; its expression clear and engaging. It is as up-to-date as his references to *Life*, to Toynbee, and to a dozen books of the last few seasons. If there is a weak point, it is that the gimmick of "you" begins to pall after a hundred or so pages. Sometimes, too, the doctrine becomes ambiguous under the strain of "angles" and multiplied paradoxes.

But generally this is altogether "first water" Raymond and much more solid than some of his previous work.

JOHN J. KIRVAN, C. S. P.

## THE MEANING OF LOVE AND KNOWLEDGE

By Martin C. D'Arcy, S.J. 170 pages.  
Harper. \$3.00

Many intellectuals in our times, fascinated with the great spiritual traditions of Asia, are seeking to discover in these traditions those elements which can be united with the thought and spirituality of the West in a single tradition to be



M. C. D'Arcy

entitled "Perennial Wisdom." This they conceive as an ultimate binding force among the

peoples of the world; something that will support a truly spiritual unity of all mankind; something, also, that will provide a remedy for the excessive pragmatism that has destroyed many of the finer aspects of western life.

Aldous Huxley, in his *Perennial Philosophy*, and Ananda Coomaraswamy, in many of his writings, have been foremost among those who think that they have discovered the main outlines of this common heritage shared by Christian, Hindu, Buddhist, and Taoist.

Obviously such trends offer both an opportunity and a challenge to Christianity which has ever been conscious of possessing certain unique characteristics. Catholics are poorly prepared for the issue, because we are sadly deficient in Asian studies. Our philosophers and theologians generally have shown little interest in this important area of study.

Martin D'Arcy, however, has now come forward with this very capable work. He indicates precisely wherein Christian wisdom agrees with, and where it differs from, the Asian traditions. His book is an answer to both Huxley and Coomaraswamy. It should be of great interest to educated Catholics and non-Catholics, for the relationship between Christianity and the other religions of the world is becoming more insistent now than ever before.

THOMAS BERRY, C. P.

## THE ACCUSING GHOST OF ROGER CASEMENT

By Alfred Noyes.  
Citadel.

191 pages.  
\$3.50



Alfred Noyes

On August 3, 1916, in Pentonville Prison, England, Sir Roger Casement was hanged for high treason to the crown of England, allegiance to which he had sworn as an Irish Nationalist. In a strict legalistic interpretation of British law, his sentence may not have been unjust, although Edward Carson received a peerage despite the fact that his gun-running from Germany for his Ulster Volunteers was much more openly a flaunting of the Crown; and there is evidence to show that Sir Roger came from Germany to Ireland in an effort to halt a rebellion he feared would be futile and thus save innocent lives.

The blot on British justice is not the trial *per se* but rather that, to forestall world sympathy for a man internationally known and revered as a great humanitarian, the British government circulated at the time typed copies of an *alleged* diary in which Sir Roger supposedly confessed to a life of unnatural immoral practices. The original

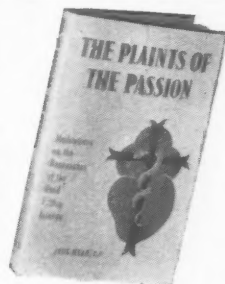


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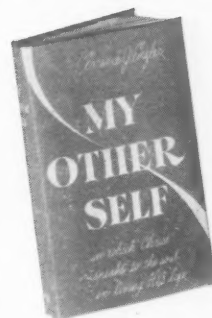
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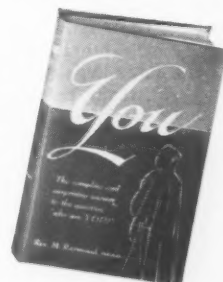
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The call to be Christ's "other self" is a universal one. In these conversations, "Christ speaks" directly to you revealing what that call means and requires. **\$3.50**

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M. Raymond, O.C.S.O.

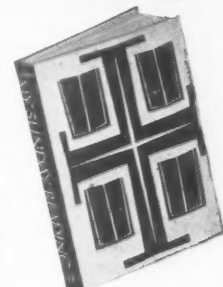
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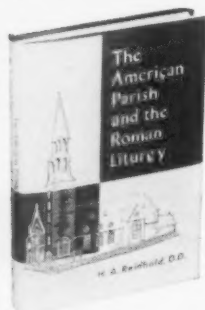
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# THE AMERICAN PARISH AND THE ROMAN LITURGY

By H. A. Reinhold



A luminous study of the meaning and spirit of the Roman liturgy, this volume examines specific liturgical problems of the contemporary American Catholic Church and points the way to greater "engagement" or participation of the faithful in corporate worship.

The popular understanding of worship, resulting in a modern alienation of the liturgy, is explained by Father Reinhold as a development of the "baroque mentality" and the historical movement of pietism. Through identification of the problems which these special influences have occasioned, the author distinguishes subjective prayer from liturgy; he clarifies the meaning of the noble Roman tradition of social worship; and he defines the objectives of the current liturgical movement, a challenge to clergy and laity alike. In dealing with the nature of liturgical symbolism and describing the role of the Sacraments in Catholic life, Father Reinhold presents a stirring picture of the truly liturgical parish and of the inspiring character of the liturgical man. \$3.50

**The Macmillan  
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60 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 11, N.Y.

diary, purportedly in his own handwriting, has never been shown; although questions about it are still continually being asked in Parliament.

Alfred Noyes was one to whom the alleged diary was shown. After exhaustive research, as a gallant Catholic gentleman as well as a great poet, he presents his earnest belief in Sir Roger's absolute innocence of any such charges and the findings that prove it so. But the best proof is the statement of the prison chaplain, Father McCarroll, who heard Roger Casement's last confession and gave him the First Holy Communion that was also his Viaticum, "He was a saint. We should be praying to him, rather than for him."

DORAN HURLEY.

## NAKED TO MINE ENEMIES

By Charles W. Ferguson. 543 pages.  
Little, Brown. \$6.00

The title of this life of Cardinal Wolsey is taken from Shakespeare's Henry VIII, where, to Wolsey on his death bed, are attributed the lines:

*Had I but served my God with half  
the zeal I served my king, He would  
not in mine age have left me naked  
to mine enemies.*

The quotation aptly sums up our judgment of the man.

The son of a poor butcher and merchant, Wolsey began his long rise to power and influence in the service of Henry VII. He continued to serve Henry VIII when that monarch came to the throne at the age of eighteen.

Archbishop of York, Lord Chancellor, Cardinal, Legate *a latere* were steps on the way to power. His downfall was as abrupt and complete as his rise had been triumphant. He was not able to obtain the annulment of Henry's marriage to Catherine so that Henry might marry Anne Boleyn. Henry dismissed him, confiscated his wealth, and later allowed him to be accused of treason. Wolsey died on his way to the tower of London.

Charles W. Ferguson tells the story of Cardinal Wolsey with understanding. He penetrates to the character of the man and the motives of his actions. The book is interestingly written from a solid background of historical research. Numerous quotations from contemporaries give us an atmosphere of being present in the period. It is a thorough study of the man and his times.

PETER QUINN, C. P.

## ORDER AND HISTORY: VOLUME II THE WORLD OF THE POLIS

By Eric Voegelin. 389 pages.  
Louisiana State Univ. \$6.00

*Order and History* is a projected six-volume study of history—on the philosophical level. Its appearance is an event

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of exceptional importance in the philosophical study of history and in the historical study of philosophy. The first volume, entitled *Israel and Revelation*, considered the period from the cosmological civilizations up through the time of the prophets. This second volume studies the manner in which Greece experienced the historical order from the Homeric to the Sophist period.

This work of Voegelin has no parallel in recent efforts to understand man's historical development. Arnold Toynbee has continued and enlarged Spengler's comparative study of the various civilizations. Christopher Dawson has studied the religious dynamic of cultural development. Each author's work is a triumph in its own limited order. But only in this work of Voegelin do we come to a truly philosophical study of history on a scale suited to the full extension and depth of its subject matter.

He has centered his study on the inner experience of history in the human soul and on the efforts of the human intelligence to evolve an adequate external expression for what it has inwardly experienced. This effort has evoked various types of symbolization which need to be understood by critical philosophical analysis if they are to be read intelligently.

Though we do not agree in every detail with his presentation, we do consider that he has written a masterful work of exceptional value. The author sees clearly the unique status of both Israel and Greece in the historical development and in the historical consciousness of mankind. He avoids the sentimental attitude of those who, more in the interest of peace than of truth, equate all the higher civilizations.

THOMAS BERRY, C. P.

## THE REFORMATION

By Will Durant.  
Simon & Schuster.

1025 pages.  
\$7.50

A thousand pages of words for seven dollars and fifty cents would seem to be a bargain. But don't be fooled. These particular thousand pages aren't worth the money. Will Durant is a notebook historian. He culls items from as many books as possible and then strings the passages together. The result is a jumble of fact, opinion, surmise, and nonsense.

The book is intended to be a history of the world during the period of the Protestant revolt, with a preliminary analysis of the Catholic Church and side excursions into the history of Russia and Turkey. Literature, learning, and art are also discussed.



Will Durant



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Articles on subjects discussed at the recent congress in Rome, each by a Catholic layman who is an authority on the subject of which he writes. Contributors include Chancellor Adenauer, George Meany and Mutara III, King of Ruanda. It's quite a book. Coming on March 19th. \$3.00

## THUNDER IN THE DISTANCE

by Jacques Leclercq

The life of Father Lebbe, a Belgian missionary who died in 1940. His work in China made him a Chinese national hero—and caused something of a revolution in Catholic missionary methods. This is one of the most exciting biographies we ever read.

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**ACHIEVING PEACE OF HEART** is not a technical book on psychiatry, although many practicing psychiatrists apply its teachings. It is also noteworthy that Father Irala is the only priest ever invited to speak before the medical faculty of the University of Mexico. His book was written for laymen with troubled hearts, minds and consciences. Best evidence of its effectiveness is found in the fact that more than 100,000 copies have already been sold. So beneficial has it been that it has been printed in Spanish, Italian, Portuguese and Polish. Now the volume is available to you in English.

Father Irala shows that **most human ills and emotional difficulties are mental, not organic**. Clinical records disclose that 96% of those afflicted with gastric colitis harbored feelings of resentment; 75% lived in a continuous state of dejection; most diabetics and cardiacs suffer from some form of emotional trouble; and the majority of people with arterial hypertension had their troubles rooted in negative factors such as anger, fear, hatred and anxiety. What a blessing it would have been if all these unhappy people could have had access to **ACHIEVING PEACE OF HEART**!

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Remember, **ACHIEVING PEACE OF HEART** is NOT a "medical" book. It is written in lay terms which anyone can understand and apply. Your six best doctors, Father Irala emphasizes, are the Sun, Water, Air, Exercise, Diet and Joy. What blessings are in store for you if you will only learn how to use them according to the methods laid down by this renowned Catholic teacher.

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The plan of the book is ambitious. Details are abundant. From the point of view of entertainment, the book is successful; from the point of view of history, it is a dangerous book. The casual reader might think the author is right. He is a facile writer but his sentences are not exact expressions of truth; they are rather ingenious eye-catchers and clever turns of phrase. Frequently they don't make sense. *Glib, racy, and concise* are adjectives that can properly be applied to this work; *critical, understanding, penetrating* cannot. The bibliography is a list that can be compiled from the catalogue of a good public library and makes no more sense than such a list would make. As a study of the Reformation there is nothing here that is good or constructive.

PETER QUINN, C. P.

### THE AMERICAN PARISH AND THE ROMAN LITURGY

By H. A. Reinhold, D.D. 148 pages.  
Macmillan. \$3.50

This book will and should disturb many pastors. Father Reinhold is an outstanding spokesman for liturgical reform, and he pulls no punches. Recently, he was awarded his honorary Doctorate of Divinity degree by St. John's University, Collegeville, Minnesota.

An estimated twenty million U.S. Catholics attend Sunday Mass. Father Reinhold insists that "a large majority come to church to be 'entertained'; there is little to edify them," and "most services are externally pretty sorry businesses." Why? The author has this answer:

"The liturgical practice of our day proceeds from an unenlightened interpretation of the rubrics . . . unimaginative and destructive of the intelligent and responsible participation of the laity. Everything happens as if Pius X or Pius XII had never given the slightest hint about proper liturgical practice . . . the necessity of the participation of congregations in acts of worship."

The author favors "dialogue" Masses, also a considerable portion of the Mass in English, saying: "We are concerned with the people here in America. We see the starvation diet of their spirituality. There is the very real danger of coming in too late with too little. Liturgists are straining to hasten the day that may give 'vision' to the people. We desire to have in English the Collects, the Epistle, the Gospel, the Preface, and the Lord's Prayer. We should also like to sing in our mother tongue the Gloria, Credo, Sanctus, and Agnus Dei." Sermons based upon this book might ease the way for liturgical changes in many parishes.

PAUL BRINDEL, O. S. B. OBLATE

## ON POLITICAL GOALS

By George Catlin,  
St. Martin's Press.

150 pages.  
\$2.75

If a desirable peace—"not just peace, but a just peace"—is to be built on the foundations of "Peaceful Coexistence"—and the author believes that it can, indeed must—then it must come primarily from a "profound conviction . . . that certain things and conduct are evil and that certain are good and should prevail." That is the challenging theme which the distinguished political philosopher explores in this brief but highly illuminating volume.

Using that moral yardstick as a compass, he penetrates deeply into the complexities of modern civilization to examine the confused goals, conflicting ideologies, and controversial issues that have been plaguing mankind, and he emerges with some long-needed moral guideposts that will lead us, if we choose to follow them, to the "light that blazes in life, beyond the 'one-damned-thing-after-anotherness' of living."

But that light won't blaze for us until America stirs itself from its complacency and rises to the "moral heights of her world responsibility," nor until "all sincere religious men, concerned with human dignity as 'above the level of dogs and rats,' are united in a world-wide community of integrated social, economic, and political units, within the context of one world."

What are the chances for attaining such a moral, if not political, Utopia? The professor is hopeful, but realistic. "What the West wants, and not the West alone, is a Saint Joan."

This is an important book, not for the blueprint for world peace that Professor Catlin proposes—his theories along those lines have been advocated for countless years by countless writers, politicians, statesmen, and other well-meaning patriots—but for his moral, humanistic analyses of the various issues for which civilization is frantically trying to find a solution.

CHARLES A. CUNEO.

## ST. BERNADETTE: THE CHILD AND THE NUN

By Margaret Trouncer.  
Sheed & Ward.

246 pages.  
\$3.75

## ST. BERNADETTE

By Leonard von Matt & Francis Trochu.  
Regnery.

274 pages.  
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*St. Bernadette: The Child and the Nun* is a novelized biography of the little shepherdess who was destined to become the confidante of the Blessed Mother, the instrument to be used in drawing sick bodies and souls to the waters of Lourdes.

Bernadette was fourteen years old when the first of eighteen apparitions

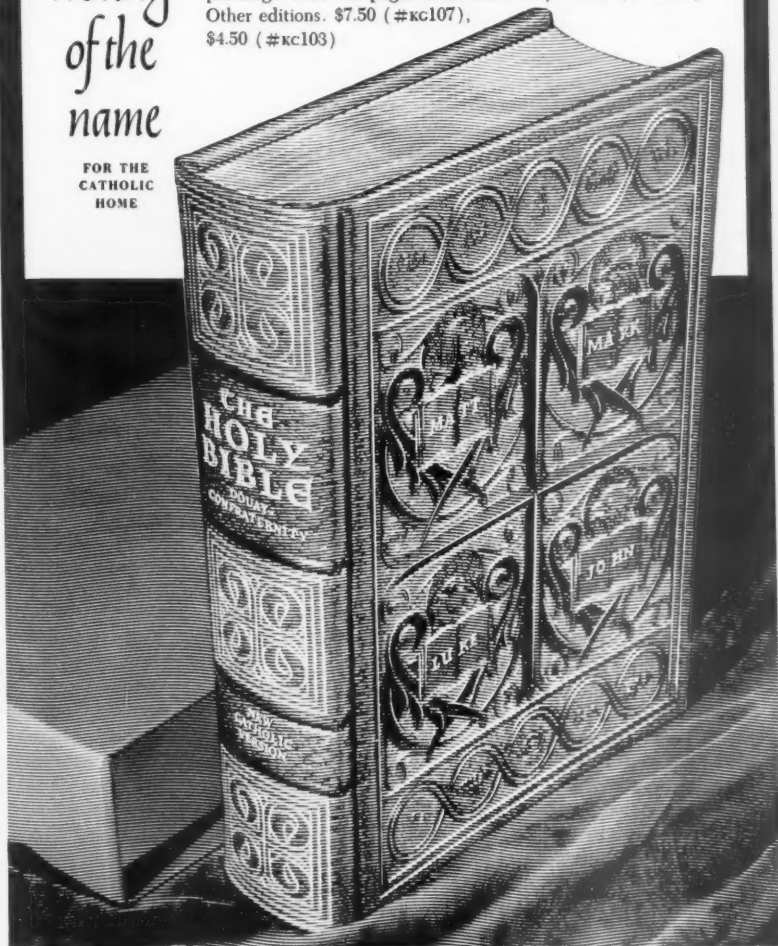
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## For Lent

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occurred at the grotto of Massabielle beside the Gave in 1858. Two years earlier, the Soubirous family had come to Lourdes to live in "the cachot." This was an abandoned jail which the prosecutor, Dutour, later referred to as "this foul and gloomy hovel."

Writing with considerable spiritual insight, the author successfully captures the personality of Bernadette, who seems to pirouette through the pages with a gaiety and wit undimmed by the sufferings which ground her down like a grain of wheat in her father's mill.

Miss Trouncer did much of her research at the convent at Nevers.

The second book, *St. Bernadette*, is a pictorial biography. It contains nearly two hundred magnificent plates. With the exception of the contemporary photographs, all of the pictures were taken by Leonard von Matt in 1955 especially for this book. The text was written by Msgr. Francis Trochu, authorized biographer of St. Bernadette.

Writing and photography here combine to produce a living, vital portrait of the saint, her times, places connected with her, the lovely countryside at the foot of the Pyrenees. Museums and archives have been searched for precious relics and we have visual evidence of her life, skills, writings, personal possessions.

While these books are by different writers, they seem to complement each other and can be read without any sense of repetition, though each is complete in itself.

ANNE CYR.

### ST. JOHN BAPTIST DE LA SALLE

By W. J. Battersby.

346 pages. **\$6.50**

This labor of love on behalf of the founder of the De La Salle Brothers—the largest teaching order of men in the Church—does not follow the current trend of humanizing the saint. Rather, Dr. Battersby's account, carefully annotated and footnoted, is an integration of pertinent facts gleaned from earlier biographies, correspondence, diaries, and numerous other printed sources, and as such offers a compact and reliable reference on the man and his times.

Born at Rheims in 1651, the eldest son of an aristocratic family, de la Salle took the tonsure at eleven, was named a canon of Rheims Cathedral Chapter at seventeen, and appeared well on the way toward pursuing a life of tranquil meditation when circumstances, which he came to recognize as the hand of God, channeled his energies to the field of education.

Forsaking wealth, creature comforts, the approval of relatives and friends, and, above all, undisturbed hours of spiritual recollection, he embarked on a career of instructing the poor, gradu-

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ally gathering about him a group of men similarly dedicated. Clearly it was only by the grace of God that the venture ever succeeded, tried as it was by the fires of clerical jealousy, bigotry, legislative bias, accusations of heresy, even inner dissension. De la Salle experienced each in its turn, including his own periods of depression, but still the work flourished, multiplying from the original two small schools to 1,300; from a handful of harassed, overburdened teachers to the present-day staff of 20,000.

De La Salle left a concrete heritage to his followers in his example, his writings, which include a practical manual on classroom conduct, and a community Rule unique in its stipulation excluding any but lay brothers.

Both by his enthusiasm—the author is himself a member of the Brothers of the Christian Schools—and his scholarship, Dr. Battersby adds to the book's stature, contributing renewed cause to venerate this pioneer and patron of Catholic education.

LOIS SLADE PUSATERI.

## THE MAID OF DOMREMY

By Clare Marie Nicholson. 103 pages. Exposition. \$2.50

This "Portrait of Joan of Arc" is not a full-length picture but rather a pencil sketch which accurately delineates her most important features.

The story opens with the charming "Legend of the Fairy Tree" with perhaps too much emphasis being laid upon this druidical superstition.

Joan's childhood and early years are seen against the background of home, church, and village life. Here she displayed qualities of strong leadership, of justice and charity; clear indications of God's preparation of this child for the work she was destined to perform. Her spiritual insight was often a source of wonder to the good priest of Domremy and to others.

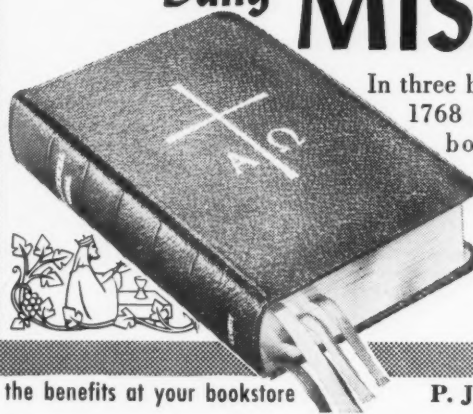
Miss Nicholson skims lightly from peak to peak in recounting the story of Joan's mission, ending with the crowning of the Dauphin, Charles VII.

The brief of beatification and the decree of canonization, appearing in English for the first time, according to the jacket, round out the story of Joan's capture by the Burgundians and her sale for ten thousand francs to the English. The account of her mock trial at Rouen is given in some detail in these two interesting documents.

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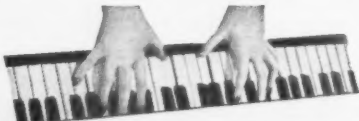
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should serve as a good introduction to the Maid of Orleans and perhaps whet the appetite for a closer acquaintance with one of the most valiant and colorful women in history.

ANNE CYR.

## AMERICA AND THE FIGHT FOR IRISH FREEDOM

By Charles Callan Tansill. 489 pages.  
Devin-Adair. \$7.50

After a brief description of the relations between England and Ireland in the early nineteenth century, Professor Tansill gives an account of the career of Parnell, including his tour of the United States in 1879-80 to enlist sympathy and support. The years from the death of Parnell in 1891 to the troubles of 1916 are dealt with quite briefly. From this point on, the story is set in the United States. An account is given of Cardinal O'Connell's efforts for Irish self-determination and President Wilson's refusal to raise the issue at Versailles. DeValera's part after the war is severely reviewed, and the book closes with Ireland's acceptance of dominion status as a stepping-stone to independence.

It would be difficult for any man of feeling to write of Anglo-Irish relations with restraint, and Professor Tansill pays a tribute to Dr. Herbert J. Clancy, S. J., for having tempered the sharp edge of his impetuous pen; even so, his book pours no oil on the troubled waters between the two countries. But anyone who lived in London and in the Irish countryside in those difficult times knows that the picture from the point of view of the ordinary man was quite different from that of the political historian. In London, there was a general failure to understand what all the shooting was about; there was also much admiration and even affection for the intrepid Michael Collins and his "Scarlet Pimpernel" exploits; in Ireland, the ordinary man, though shocked at the Black and Tan ruthlessness, was generally not hostile to the English and rather more annoyed with the local volunteers, who were liable to commandeer his car for their own use. It was one of the many cases in history where the people would have been glad to be friends if the politicians would have let them.

CHARLES HAMILTON.

## MERCY UNTO THOUSANDS

By Sister M. Bertrand Degnan, R.S.M.  
Newman. 394 pages. \$6.50

The key to this volume is found in the subtitle of the book, "The Life of Mother Mary Catherine McAuley, Foundress of the Sisters of Mercy." Without doubt it is the most attractive, literary, and definitive biography of this

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remarkable but neglected foundress. The author visited the convents and places where so many of the events narrated took place. There is a ring of authenticity in descriptions. Abundant notes are placed at the end of the book.

Mother McAuley was born in Ireland in 1778. Early in life she fell under the influence of bitterly anti-Catholic relatives. She was truly a child of her times, which were filled with political and religious discrimination and persecution. Of a determined mind and compassionate heart, she wilfully resisted convent life. Yet in her depths she felt compelled to take up a cloistered life. The institute of the Sisters of Mercy was God's plan to unite in her a double vocation of the contemplative at home and the active missionary of social service abroad. The influences that led to this decision; the Bishops, priests, and companions rallied on the way; and the persecutions from within and without; all make Mother McAuley's personal history read like a novel in the skillful hands of her twentieth-century daughter.

It is to be regretted that in so deft an appraisal of the spiritual life of Mother McAuley so little mention of her outstanding devotion to the Passion of Our Lord is made. Especially is this true when one recalls that this loving Mother bequeathed to her spiritual daughters an entire chapter of the Mercy Rule on this basic practice of the spiritual life.

This high perfect biography is enhanced by a picture album in the center of the book, revealing places and persons made familiar to the reader by the talented pen of the author.

JUDE MEAD, C.P.

## DEADLINE EVERY MINUTE

By Joe Alex Morris. 349 pages. Doubleday. \$5.00

This is the story of the United Press, a struggling little infant at birth fifty years ago and now a giant which roams the world over in search of news.

In chronicling the growth of the wire service, former Unipresser (yes, that's what he calls 'em) Joe Alex Morris, now a slick magazine writer, has covered most of the big national and international events on which the UP cut its eye teeth as it grew up to be the major competitor of the Associated Press.

There is a lot of war in this book—I, II, and Korean—and a recap of some of the bigger brush fires which may have faded from your memory.

And throughout, there is a triumphant emphasis on all the beats the UP scored over the AP and, to a lesser degree, the International News Service. After awhile, this merely succeeds in getting tiresome. The great majority of newspaper readers, this newspaperman is



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HARRY SCHLEGEL.

## THE WORLD OF JOHN McNULTY

By John McNulty. 357 pages.  
Doubleday. \$4.50

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DORAN HURLEY.

## FASTEST ON THE RIVER

By Manly Wade Wellman. 234 pages.  
Holt. \$3.95

Ostensibly the story of a steamboat race in 1870, this is a book which manages to tell a great deal of Mississippi lore and, at the same time, to characterize two grand figures between its covers. The tradition of the riverboats has caught many imaginations, the most obvious, of course, being that of Mark Twain. Mr. Wellman is completely captivated with his subject matter and transfers his enthusiasm with great skill even to those who have not been interested before.

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ROSEMARY NOLAN.

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**THE POPES ON YOUTH.** By Raymond B. Fullam, S.J. 442 pages. McKay. \$5.00. From the writings of Pope Leo XIII through Pope Pius XII, Father Fullam has gathered the Papal teaching on the formation of youth. To avoid needless repetition, excerpts from various documents are usually given.

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## CRACKS IN THE KREMLIN

(Continued from page 50)

ing the fortieth anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution, there was a meeting of the Communist Party leaders of the world.

They were seeking to agree on a joint declaration to the world. I was told by a person close to one of these leaders that at one point in the discussion, when everybody was pounding the table in good Communist fashion, the ascetic looking and rather silent Gomulka turned to Mikoyan. Until that moment, Mikoyan had taken no part in the discussion. Gomulka remarked to him that the Polish leadership must be cautious in forcing anything on the people.

Mikoyan looked for a second into Gomulka's eyes and, while the other comrades stopped their shouting, he screamed as if he wanted to vomit his soul: "To hell with the will of the people. . . ." Then he uttered a number of unprintable Russian curses, ending up in Armenian, his native tongue. He spat on the floor, saying: "This, for the will of the people."

There are cracks in the Kremlin wall. But this article is not meant to suggest any complacency over Soviet confusion. Soviet successes have been achieved, far less by Soviet strength than by Western weakness. In fact, Marx himself had noted that the Russians themselves have an historical tradition of imperialist expansion. He remarks that the Russians have to be stood up to, "in which event they retire easily enough." The Soviets no doubt have at present great energy but they are also plagued by many serious weaknesses. The same diseases of the spirit which rot the Soviet soul have, in large measure, confused and weakened Western nations: ethical relativism, materialistic behaviorism, pragmatism as the touchstone of "success," brave new world secularism, treatment of men as machines, pseudodemocracy of egalitarianism, and the rosy liberalism that "inevitably things must get better."

While not minimizing the vast material achievements of the Soviets, yet it would be a tragic mistake if we would forget the tremendous spiritual resources of free men, derived from our Christian heritage; if we would forget that the technological and industrial capacity of the United States and her allies, as well as our huge army of proud and skilled workers, far outmatches the present resources of the Soviet Union. Confronted with the missionary zeal and avowed determination to dominate the world on the part of Soviet leadership, it would be suicidal for us to lapse into complacency. But along with justly appraising Soviet strength, it is good for us to be aware of their many inner weaknesses.

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## LETTERS

(Continued from page 6)

children not only an ever-growing source of joy and contentment but also the potential salvation of this troubled world.

Surely the innate goodness and wisdom of all women must eventually rub off to some extent on our poor misguided men.

Thank you again for a beautifully written and thought-loaded article.

DETROIT, MICH.

## CHRISTMAS IN SPAIN

Congratulations on an exceptional Christmas issue.

The Lauren Ford cover was a delight. Her work is a gentle bridge for people intolerant of anything beyond neo-classical realism. Could we have more such covers? . . .

The Catholicism of content was most complete. . . .

A small demurrer re: John Culmer's "Christmas in Spain." With a certain compassion for the amusingly procrastinating Spaniard, he says, "The Christmas season here means the two weeks beginning Christmas Eve and ending January sixth." This is "a slow start." "Stores don't begin decorating for Christmas until around December fifteenth;" this is "a late start."

In America where Christians are captivated by a kindly seeming old man in red who bag is really full of Green Stamps, Christmas "doings" are being pushed even before the beginning of Advent.

But yes, Mr. C., there is an Advent, and the Christmas Season IS just the two weeks beginning Christmas, etc. Would that the merchants would let our people go.

THOMAS E. QUIGLEY

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

I do not understand how, when the season of Christmas is such a strict fast and abstinence day here in the United States, in Spain they have their big dinner on that day. ("Christmas in Spain," December).

I am sure there is a logical explanation for this but should like to have it so that if I were to be questioned about it I would have the answer.

MISS KATHRYN L. MILLER

NEW YORK, N. Y.

In Spain and many countries of Latin America, the vigil of Christmas is not a fast day. In many of these countries there is a great feast of lechon asado (roast pig) after which the entire group goes to Mass at night. The reason for this is a special dispensation granted to Spain and her dominions for the Spaniards' crusade against the infidel Moors.

## MR. KENNAN

You may cancel what, if any, remains of my subscription.

Your enigmatic tendency toward liberalism is more than I can take.

The last paragraph (page 9, January issue) was the straw that broke the camel's back. These inferentially kind words for



Ambassador Kennan hardly squares with what is known of his words and actions over the past decade. An appeaser de luxe. . . .

In other respects, I like your magazine.  
WILLIAM B. JONES  
LANCASTER, CALIF.

The editorial did not designate Mr. Kennan as an expert on American foreign policy, nor did it endorse his views on what our overall policy should be. It did refer to him as an expert on Soviet affairs. We think it carries special weight when a man of his broad knowledge of Soviet affairs warns us against holding conferences at the summit with the Soviets because of their traditional trickery and deceit.

#### "OCTOBER CITY"

Roderick MacLeish in "October City" (November) has his General say: "The city is now secure. . . . We are liberators not conquerors."

The Bishop's fictional counter received factual confirmation through an announcement by our own country this past December:

The Hungarian authorities have objected to the receipt of letters from the United States bearing on the back colored stamps issued certain American-Hungarian organizations commemorating the 23d of October, 1956. Budapest is secure? Its people either "liberated" or conquered?

Fie on anyone who thinks so! My pity to those who walk with fear in their boots instead of feet!

HUBERT LANCZY  
NEW YORK, N. Y.

#### LAUREN FORD

I saw the lovely Lauren Ford cover, New England's contribution to this noble theme, which Giotto and Fra Angelico must delight to view from the eternal studio. . . .

JOHN BLAKE  
NO. COHASSET, MASS.

The cover on the December issue had a very interesting painting. . . .

JOSEPH P. ROELS  
EAST MOLINE, ILL.

The cover on the December issue of THE SIGN is one of the loveliest Madonnas I have ever seen. . . .

SISTER MARY KEVIN, O.S.B.  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

#### READERS' COMMENTS

After having read your editorials and several articles in THE SIGN during the past few years, and a number of articles which appear in *The Advocate* written by Monsignor George Higgins, I had about come to the conclusion that I was the only individual having Catholic affiliations who was in step. This pained me considerably. . . .

To you and Monsignor Higgins, union labor is unable to do wrong. The only time I have observed you being critical is in those situations such as the Teamsters' Un-

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WILLIAM J. ROCHE

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THE SIG has been a regular monthly visitor in our home for two years now, and I thought it time I told you how much we enjoy your wonderful magazine. So much so, in fact, that we haven't been able to part with our old copies. Recently, however, I learned of a missionary priest in India who has a desperate need for old copies of Catholic magazines. Consequently, our "beloved" stack of old SIG magazines, among others, shall soon be leaving us.

MRS. LEONARD E. BRUCE

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I. J. BELLAFIORE

Seaford, N. Y.

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